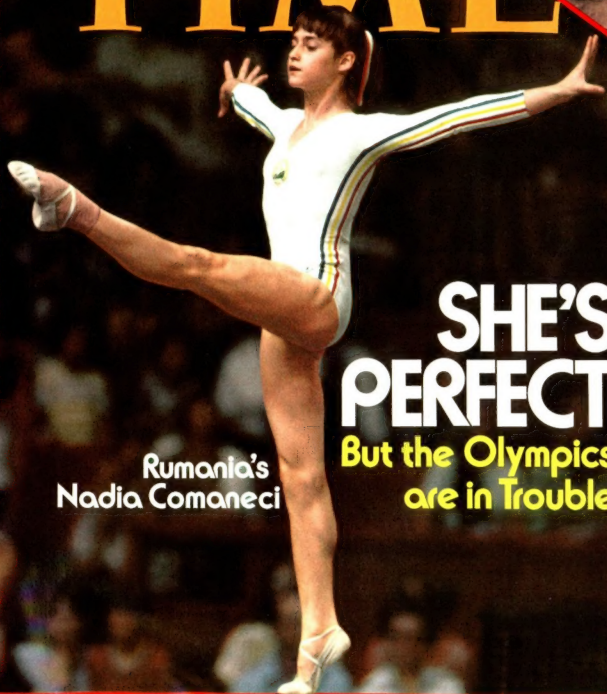


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AUGUST 2, 1976

Inside:
MARS

TIME



Romania's
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Here are four tax measures which we believe the Congress should enact to encourage industrial expansion and to create jobs: (1) five-year capital recovery system, (2) 12% permanent investment tax credit, (3) write off of the

costs of pollution control facilities in the year they are incurred, (4) eliminate the double taxation of corporate profits paid out as dividends.

If you agree that revisions in present Federal tax laws are needed to provide the additional capital for more and better jobs, we ask you to tell that to your

Senators and Congressman.

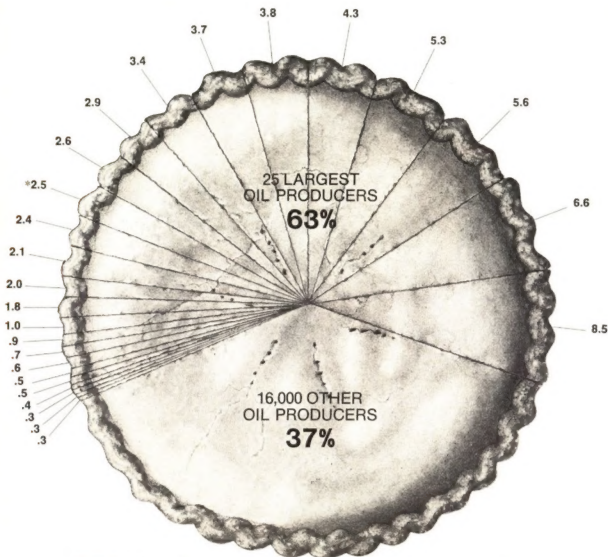
For a free copy of the folder, "Project Mainpring—with your help it can wind up the American economy again," write: Public Affairs Dept., Room 476-T, Bethlehem Steel Corp., Bethlehem, PA 18016.



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to wait."**

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for a refund."**

David Niven DAVID NIVEN

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has
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Is Dangerous to Your Health.

5 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

First Jaws and Now Bugs

To the Editors:

In the beginning there was *Jaws*, which sent people fleeing from the beaches, and now you've created Bugs (July 12). Your cover alone was enough to send me screaming from the garden.

Nancy H. Garner
Moline, Ill.

Does putting a bug on the cover of your magazine automatically place it in contention for Man of the Year?

John R. Montgomery
Madison, Wis.

"The Bugs Are Coming" mentions new effective pest-killing innovations but declares that the evolution of the insect will outmode the best of them. It



has been suggested that this would not be the case if the various techniques were intermittently applied. When one method is only used for a short time and then replaced with another, evolution of the insect is prevented without destroying the environment.

William Powell
Ridgefield, Conn.

One sure-fire way of decreasing the number of insects would be to treat them as a valuable natural resource, such as oil and agriculturally produced food. An insect industry would develop, and in 20 years we would face a shortage.

Karl Shaffer
Howard City, Mich.

Bees and grasshoppers have been served as delicacies for years, without upsetting anything worse than people's preconceptions.

I know an American who survived five years in a Japanese prison camp by loading his thin soup with bugs; there is no telling what delights Julia Child could stir up. Since the insects outweigh

us 12 to 1, they could keep us alive through many expanding and otherwise hungry generations.

Schuyler Yates
Toledo

Insects can be processed to look, taste and spread like peanut butter.

Scott J. Lyford
Bloomington, Ind.

Anyone for grasshopper pie?
Robert N. Franz III
Wilmington, Del.

There once was a fly named the
tsetse,
Who thought that life was just
peachy.
She looked at the earth
At her moment of birth
And said, "Veni, vidi, vici!"
Christopher Mendola
Denver

An Israeli Lesson

The Israelis have taught the rest of the world a valuable lesson in dealing with terrorists (July 12). Violence of all kinds can be stopped only when the perpetrators are convinced that even greater violence will be inflicted on them.

Millage E. Nesler
Nogales, Ariz.

The good guys won, and the bad guys lost.

Stanley C. Shapiro
Southfield, Mich.

Has Israel forgotten her own terrorist-laden past? The Stern Gang and the Irgun were formed to undertake terrorist acts to help establish the state.

Philip Borge
Magnolia, Mass.

Are we to make heroes of the exponents of an eye-for-an-eye philosophy that could incinerate the world? Hasn't history proved that violence can only beget violence? Can we afford this luxury of revenge in a thermonuclear age?

John Schalestock
Washington, D.C.

Why don't the Israelis sentence the terrorists in their jails to execution if and when terrorists kidnap new hostages? This would render any future kidnapping counterproductive.

Richard H. Lee
Boston

I too rejoice in the rescue. But let's not allow our momentary elation to obscure historical and political realities. As

long as the world continues to dish out injustice to the Palestinian, ignoring his national rights, it must expect his growing desperation and his increasingly brutal response to his own oppression.

Alexander K. Hurkowitz
Hartford, Conn.

What about the slain Ugandans? Didn't they have the right to life too?

Jean M. Muthleb
Detroit

Though any loss of life is a high price to be paid in an operation designed to foil terrorists and deter further terrorism, the hijacking was particularly hideous because it smacked of genocide. How else does one characterize the terrorists' release of all but the Jewish passengers?

Jean Hugues
Paris

Despise and Destroy

Regarding your Essay "Religious Wars: A Bloody Zeal" (July 12): What is it that the children of Belfast and Beirut have in common—besides the bloody ground they walk upon? Isn't it that they have never been compelled—by a power greater than their parents' prejudices—to sit in a school classroom along with "those others"? Instead they have grown up, nurtured by "their own kind," with the hardening conviction that those others—over there—are to be despised and, if it should come to that, destroyed.

E. Scott Pattison
Dunedin, Fla.

I'd rather have my neighbors "live" in darkness than kill for the love of God.

Joseph Tal
Haifa, Israel

Non-American Is the Enemy

You comment that "independent Eurocommunism is harder to combat than the old dreaded monolith" (July 12). My question is why do we have to combat them at all? These European nations are choosing their own form of government now just as the U.S. did 200 years ago. It scares me to think that there are many Americans who still label any non-American form of government as the enemy.

Risa Riegel
Leesport, Pa.

Good Men or Animals

I am glad to know the Marines "want a few good men" (July 12). I'd hate to think they were turning a lot of men into animals.

(Mrs.) Cheryl Alihan
Cleveland

The Marines are living up to their slogan—"We want a few good men"—very well. Apparently, all they have

is just a few good men—very few. And from what I can see none of them are drill instructors.

Albert M. West
Nashville

Marine boot camp has been upon occasion called brutal. Rigorous it is from design, but true brutality would be to send Marines into combat without the benefit of it.

Neri G. Terry Jr.
Huntsville, Texas

Honor to Wilkins

Your article on Roy Wilkins (July 12) distressed me. No single person has done as much to bring the N.A.A.C.P. honor and respect as has Roy. The reflection is on the governing body that took steps to discredit him.

Ruth H. Bunche
New York City

Mrs. Bunche is the widow of the late U.N. Under Secretary-General (1968-71) Ralph J. Bunche.

One Giant Step Backward

The Supreme Court decision on capital punishment (July 12): one giant step backward for mankind.

Marian L. Toohey
Evanston, Ill.

Justice Thurgood Marshall opposes execution because it is "a total denial of human dignity and worth." It is not executing the criminal that denies dignity and worth, but the criminal himself, by his commission of the offense.

Clark Nickerson
Bel Air, Md.

A Fine Kern

Cole Porter wrote *A Fine Romance* (July 12)? Jerome Kern is turning in his grave, sighing Miss Fields regrets.

Robert S. Picard, M.D.
Shreveport, La.

A Fine Romance was composed by Jerome Kern with lyrics by Dorothy Fields for the 1936 RKO film *Swing Time*, with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

Leo N. Mileitch
El Paso

Out of Orbit

You said John Glenn (July 12) was "the first man to orbit the earth." Glenn was the first American to orbit the earth. Two others preceded him: Yuri Gagarin and Gherman Titov in 1961.

Joe Farrell
Ridgewood, N.J.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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Actually 65% lower
tar than the two
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Brand K	"tar" 17 mg., nicotine 1.3 mg.
Brand S	"tar" 19 mg., nicotine 1.3 mg.
*Of all brands, lowest	"tar" 1 mg., nicotine 0.1 mg.

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has
Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health.

5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine,
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TIME

AMERICAN NOTES

Approaching Infinity

There stood Viking, an alien on Mars' Chryse Planitia (golden plains), its sophisticated cameras sending sharply defined photographs across 212 million miles to earth. And hardly anybody was watching. Sure, the crowd at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, Calif., erupted with unscientific enthusiasm. But as the first photos came in, television screens across the U.S. were flickering with Barbara Walters reruns, old movies and game shows. There was excitement, but nothing remotely comparable to the electric thrill of Neil Arm-

strong's message from the moon: "Houston—the Eagle has landed!"

TV later gave Mars considerable play, but not enough to satisfy everybody. "It's downright disgusting," said University of Louisville Scientist J. Richard Keefe. "Talk about being blasé about space exploration—this was just incredible."



ARTIST'S VISION OF H.G. WELLS' MARTIANS
So where were the little green men?

strong's message from the moon: "Houston—the Eagle has landed!"

Eventually, the establishment of this beachhead on the farther shores of space will surely be seen as a fantastic breakthrough (see SPACE). For now, perhaps people were disappointed at the absence of little green men and exotic vegetation. Maybe, without a space-suited man traipsing awkwardly around the planet, the event was too impersonal for

Full Circle

The U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia came full circle last week. Air Force Master Sergeant George Leroy Davis, 40, of Cincinnati, packed his bags and, with his wife and two children, flew out of Bangkok. Though some 250 U.S. military advisers will remain in Thailand, U.S. authorities designated Davis as a symbol of the last regular American forces to leave the country—and, in fact, all of Southeast Asia.

There was a special irony—and a tragic reminder—in Davis' departure. Like the last American to leave, the first American to die in the Viet Nam War was named Davis—Army Specialist Four James T. Davis of Livingston, Tenn., no kin, who was killed on Dec. 21, 1961.

Gallic Grumbles

The inhabitants never walk if they can ride. Their conversation is boring. The food in their inns—mainly smoked or salted bear fat, corn bread and weak coffee—is "very mediocre." Worse, travelers must often sleep on the floor, surrounded by couples engaged in various sexual acts.

So complained Louis Philippe, Duke of Orleans and a future King of France (1830-48), after a four-month swing through the U.S. in 1797. Four years earlier, the young aristocrat, whose father was guillotined by revolutionists, had begun a 21-year exile, spent mostly in Europe. Then 23 years old, the duke filled two notebooks as he explored the exotic New World, writing of "very pretty" and "coquettish" Cherokee women, "gross, lazy and inhospitable" whites in Tennessee, and George Washington's "most exquisite politeness" during a dinner at Mount Vernon. The journal has just been published in France as a gesture toward the U.S. Bicentennial.

Louis Philippe made few judgments about the American political and social systems. But he was appalled by Washington's rather shabby treatment of his 300 slaves and, like the far more perceptive Frenchman Alexis de Tocqueville a generation later, predicted that slavery would "sooner or later be fatal to the southern states." The young duke also recorded the sentiments of a certain Captain Chapman in Kentucky: "Our Government could be no worse than it is now." The plaint sounds remarkably up to date.



THE PRESIDENT TURNING ON HIS SUPPORTERS AT

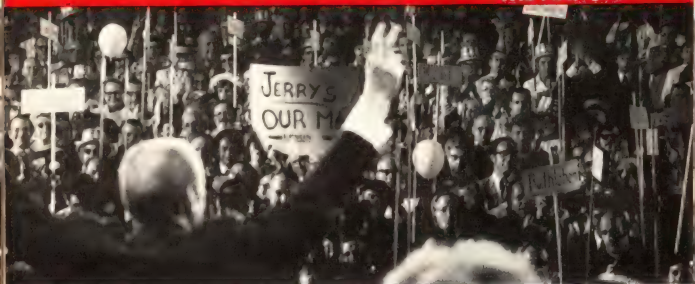
REPUBLICANS

Ford Is Close,

Fifteen new votes from Hawaii. Eight from New York. Five from Virginia. One each from Delaware, Illinois, Louisiana, South Carolina, Mississippi, clinging to a unit rule, was poised to switch its 30 votes from Ronald Reagan to Gerald Ford. The President had the nomination wrapped up, with 1,135 votes, five more than needed to nominate. Reagan might accept the vice-presidential nomination and join Ford to knock out Jimmy Carter with the Republicans' strongest one-two punch.

Those were the varied, mounting claims of Ford strategists last week as the war of nerves over the uncommitted delegates to the Republican National Convention reached its greatest intensity yet. In some desperation, Reagan's camp made claims of its own. Campaign Manager John Sears, offering no substantiation, contended that Reagan already had 1,140 delegates pinned down—ten more than needed for the nomination. ("He's blowing smoke," scoffed James Baker, Ford's chief delegate hunter.) Reagan insisted yet again there was "no way" he would accept the Veep role, but was instead working on his top-of-the-ticket acceptance speech. He challenged Ford to a debate at the Kansas City convention. Ford refused. Referring to the Ford efforts to create a stampede atmosphere, Reagan Aide David Keene declared: "If we hold it this week, the game will be over and we'll win it."

The truth was that Ford had made significant gains among the uncom-



THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION IN HARTFORD, CONN., WHERE HE ROLLED UP MORE DELEGATES

but Watch Those Trojan Horses

ted delegates, and the nomination, however uncertainly, was within his grasp. TIME's delegate count placed Ford's vote at 1,121—just nine short of the needed majority. Reagan had 1,078, putting him 52 short. Only 60 delegates remained uncommitted.

In a press conference at week's end, Baker claimed publicly for the first time that Ford was over the top, with 1,135 delegates favoring him on the first ballot at the convention. But that margin, which the Reagan forces continued to dispute, was hardly decisive in the fluid situation. Baker released the names of 16 delegates not previously counted by him in the Ford totals, notably 15 Hawaii delegates. Many delegate counters had already credited Ford with several of these votes. The fact that the Ford planners had not yet released the names of all their claimed delegates—as they had said earlier they might do—indicated some uncertainty in their delegate commitments.

Trojan Horses. A battle was breaking off in Mississippi, where signs of a backlash surfaced over the attempt to promote a Ford takeover—and at week's end a narrow majority seemed to be leaning to Reagan. "The Ford folks tried some overkill, and I think it's backfired on them," observed State Republican Chairman Clarke Reed. He accused Ford's local delegate hunters of "high-pressure tactics and lies." He said that one of them called another delegate and said, "If you don't sign on by 9 a.m., you won't be a federal judge." Warned Reed: "If I get mad, I

can and might just switch some of those Ford delegates back to Reagan." Ford publicly ordered Administration officials and campaign aides not to offer anything in return for support.

While Ford's bandwagon psychology was effective, there was surprising agreement among the more candid strategists in both camps on one highly significant point. Reagan aides insisted, and Ford Political Consultant F. Clifton White conceded, that between 40 and 50 of the delegates now favoring Ford are "soft" and could conceivably defect under the convention's pressures and emotions. Admitted another Ford aide: "We've got a tougher time [than Reagan] holding our troops in line." The President's wary assistants refer to these soft votes as "closet Reaganites" or "Trojan horses."

Both sides were letting out all the stops not only to hold, but also to expand, their lines. Reagan spent no fewer than 45 minutes on a phone call that he made to uncommitted New York Delegate James White, a lawyer, who was "impressed" but finally broke off the conversation because "I couldn't think of anything else to ask him." When West Virginia's uncommitted Jody Smirl, a candidate for the state legislature, visited the White House, she told Ford she hoped to get his daughter Susan to speak at a summer Republican youth camp in her state. Ford later called her to say Susan would be delighted. Susan, who dislikes campaigning, was irked but agreed. Nancy Reagan had also phoned Mrs. Smirl, who mentioned her camp

—and the Reagans lined up Actor Efrem Zimbalist Jr. to speak to the kids too.

A few of the uncommitted tried to exploit their unexpected political allure to the advantage of their home areas. Before he announced the commitment of seven more New York delegates to Ford, Edwin M. Schwenk, Republican leader of Long Island's Suffolk County, asked Ford in Washington to "throw some federal aid to our part of the woods," specifically to help ease sewage-disposal problems. Reagan Aide Lyn Nofzinger wryly complained: "Ford's going after the effluent vote."

Gentle Arm Twisting. Mostly, however, the uncommitted were content to be flattered by the candidates' attention, and they found the Ford and Reagan approaches gentlemanly. "Both sides are discreet," said North Dakota Delegate Don Shide. "It's a very courteous and very gentle arm twisting."

Ford, of course, had more to offer. He entertained 121 New Jersey delegates and alternates in the East Room last week, then about 125 New York delegates; he plans to welcome Maryland and Pennsylvania delegations this week. The New Jersey delegates enjoyed late afternoon cocktails as Ford mingled easily with them for 40 minutes. He gave a short speech, fielded questions for a full 45 minutes and got rousing applause with his blunt defense of his pardon of Richard Nixon ("I would do it again"). Not all delegates agreed with him, but they appreciated his candor. Moved by the presidential aura, Thomas Kean,

THE NATION

New Jersey assembly Republican leader, echoed a feeling of many visiting delegates: "I always get tingles up and down my spine when I walk out of the White House door." Partially as a result of the visit, two presumed Reagan delegates indicated they were for Ford.

The words, "The President is calling," dazzled many of the uncommitted. Missouri's Marlene Zintel, who with four other delegates had been flown to Chicago at the Reagan campaign's expense to meet the Californian for an hour, was nevertheless "shocked" when Ford tracked her down by phone at a beauty shop in Oakville, Mo. "I couldn't believe it," she recalls. "I can hardly remember it. He told me he could win over Carter. He asked if I would consider him, and I said that I would."

Soft Votes. The uncommitted commonly insist that the personal pleas of the candidates would not prove decisive. Many seem to like both men, find both acceptable, but remain uncertain of which has the better chance of beating Carter. "It's futile to go just for philosophy—you go with the winner," contended Mississippi Delegate Mike Reizer, a fast-food restaurant operator who seems to favor Ford. Explained North Dakota's Shide, a farmer: "The main factor is who is electable. The incumbent has the best chance normally—but this year everyone hates Washington." Illinois' William Scannell, a lawyer, was convinced that "Gerald Ford has done a fine job as President," but was worried because "I can't understand how Ford is in the position he's in today."

Other delegates wondered why Reagan, a better campaigner than Ford, had not caught fire with voters. Reagan was particularly hurt among the uncommitted by all the polls. Gallup, Harris, Yankelovich—placing him far behind Ford in a race against Carter. Said Louisiana Delegate Charles Dunbar III, who has switched to Ford because of the polls: "I think the public has made the decision for the delegates."

Even if Ford does top 1,130 in pre-convention counts, those many soft votes would still leave the outcome in a bit of doubt. The convention rules allow a delegate to vote for anyone he wishes, even if that person has not been nominated or the delegate is bound by his state primary election laws to vote for another candidate. The Ford forces have suggested pushing for a "justice" rule, under which delegates in the 19 states that have binding primary laws must vote for the man to whom they are pledged. Though the Reagan forces would probably not oppose such a rule on principle, some feel that they would have enough covert supporters in the convention to win a challenge over procedural matters—and might welcome such a test in hopes of securing an early psychological victory. Reagan's last best hope might well be to join—or provoke—any emotional battle to unleash whatever Trojan horses may lurk behind the President's lines.

Reagan: 'I Don't Want Another 1964'

As Ronald Reagan's struggle for Republican delegates came under its worst strain, *TIME* National Political Correspondent Robert Ajemian spoke with the Governor at his Pacific Palisades home. Reports Ajemian.

"I know the President has many inducements to offer these uncommitted delegates," said Ronald Reagan with an easy smile, "and he's offering them." Typically, Reagan sounded affable as he made that blunt accusation. He sat in the long living room of his Pacific Palisades house, jaunty in his Chinese-red slacks and matching sandals. The deep creases in his face and neck gave way to a tanned chest, under his loosened sports shirt, that was as smooth as a young life guard's. As Reagan saw it, Gerald Ford's campaign staff has not been above dangling a highway here, a hospital there, a loan from the Small Business Administration. He went on: "I never ask these delegates directly to come out and support me. They've got to decide that on their own."

At the end of his eight-month campaign, Ronald Reagan was very much the way he was at the beginning: the reluctant politician whose words were fiercer than his manner. Win or lose, his candidacy has been extraordinary. He was seen by many as shallow and simplistic and even dangerous. All but a handful of Senators and Congressmen shunned him. He was opposed by nearly every state organization. He had practically no editorial support.

But when it was all over, Reagan—virtually alone—had collected several hundred thousand more votes than the President in contested primaries. The popular explanation was that opponent Ford was dull. But Reagan on his own had surely touched a public nerve. Now, trailing Ford in delegates, he was fighting—in his low-key way—to keep the race alive.

Hard to Capture. The phone rang and Reagan moved into the study to pick it up. It was a return call from South Carolina Governor James Edwards, an ally. Reagan's voice was tentative. "Jim, I don't want to cause any problems, but do you think we could get out that announcement about your uncommitted? It would be a nice boost now." He talked for a while longer about the timing of the announcement and returned, looking pleased.

Nevertheless, the uncommitted are proving hard for Reagan to capture. A couple of weeks ago, he was speaking with his usual polished force to a small cluster of Illinois delegates. As he had done with other uncommitted, Reagan stressed his electability, his better chance of smoking out Jimmy Carter. But the staring faces showed little response. After a painful silence, Reagan

"What's Carter got that we ain't got?"

"He says he's uncommitted, Mr. President."

BUMP!

went on talking. He told them he was less vulnerable than Ford to Democrats. When he finished, there was no applause, only more silence. Asked if he thought he had won over many of the delegates, Reagan shrugged. "They give so little feedback, it's impossible to tell." For Reagan, the winning orator, the man with the sure sense of the mood of his audiences, the uncommitted are maddeningly tough to read.

He is trying to persuade them to hold off until the roll call, when, he insists, the President will fall short. Reagan feels sure the outcome will not be truly clear until the convention's first ballot. Furthermore, he contends that many of Ford's own delegates are really Reagan supporters who—either because of tradition or because they are afraid of being punished politically—are reluctant to desert the President. Says Reagan, "That's the one argument the delegates always use on me. They're uncomfortable turning against a President." When they see Ford still shy, in Reagan's view, they will abandon him.

A Fast Lead. Reagan staffers have even figured out the psychological benefit of the roll call. The early states like Alabama and Arkansas through California should give Reagan a fast lead of 250-29. He expects to hold an edge of 670-587 until the time the count reaches New York, where a big Ford bloc should lift the President ahead.

Though many Republicans fear that the Kansas City convention will be bitter and bloody, the prevailing view is that the two candidates will keep their tempers, and their followers, under control. "I'm not going to do anything to make this a bloody affair," vows Reagan. "I don't want another 1964."

He has already ordered his staff to make no credentials challenges and has called upon Ford to do the same. He knows that the President's men are in charge of all the convention's key committees, like rules and platform. But he believes the permanent chairman, Arizona Congressman John Rhodes, even though he is a Ford backer, will rule fairly on any floor challenges.

Reagan has already been disillusioned by the stiff-armed treatment he has received from state party officials around the country. He remembers laboring for many of the same people in the past. He says that several of them even urged him to run, promising their support, but then turned against him. A few weeks ago, in Fort Collins, Colo., where he addressed the state convention, Reagan was rudely interrupted by State Chairman Carl Williams, a Ford supporter, and warned that he must finish his speech in two more minutes. While Ford Campaign Manager Rogers Morton, forehead in hand, squirmed in great embarrassment and Reagan delegates roared disapproval, the Governor gave way. Later, in private, he sourly recalled how many times he had come into the state to help raise money.

Though Ford is in charge of the convention machinery, Reagan's hard core of almost 1,100 delegates will give him a virtual veto over most of the proceedings. "I've never seen a convention like this," says a top Ford strategist. "If the President gets nominated, he'll still be boxed in."

The consensus of party professionals is that Ford will make a guarded offer of the vice presidency to Reagan. Reagan finds this a wry irony. "He doesn't have to worry," says the Californian. "I absolutely will never take that job." Reminded that others in the past have abruptly reversed themselves and accepted the second spot, Reagan sounds absolute. "They were all politicians," he says. "I'm not. I know there's a great deal of cynicism about what I say on this, but I want to be believed." He says he intends to stay free to take independent positions. If the convention tries to draft him, he insists he will head it off and refuse.

If Ford tries to buck the mood of the delegates and pick a liberal Northerner, Reagan feels it could tear the convention apart. He personally will oppose such a move. Says he, "It would be a foolish mistake. Ford would lose the South. And a lot of Republicans might not work for him. The balance of the country is in the Sunbelt, and that's where the future of our party is."

This is a main reason, Sunbelt Reagan tells the delegates, that he is the man who can defeat Carter. Reagan is eager to debate the Georgian. He believes he can expose Carter as a straddler on the issues. "Carter is brilliantly clever at obscuring," says Reagan. "When you really pin him down, he is not much different from Hubert Humphrey, just a quieter version. Carter has told us he's going to balance the budget. I want to price out that Democratic platform and see what all those promises are going to cost. I'll uncover him."

Easy Target. "Carter's main objection to Washington," adds Reagan, "is who's there, not what's being done." Reagan thinks Ford will be an easy target for Carter's non-Establishment approach, for Democratic attacks on Watergate, Nixon and the pardon.

For a moment, in a curious way, Reagan sounded like the man he wants to run against, Jimmy Carter. "The American people are so fair, so ready to sacrifice," he said. "Washington just doesn't know about our people any more. It has lost faith in them."

It was the appealing ring of the outsider. As with Carter, the approach had served Reagan well. He had made some mistakes along the bumpy way. He knows he should have entered more primaries, like Ohio and New Jersey. Now, he told his wife Nancy, it was like sitting in a courtroom and waiting for the jury to come in. But no matter what happened, Reagan felt vindicated by the hard journey. He had not destroyed himself—or his party. He had challenged a President and made it stick.



THE CHALLENGER CAMPAIGNING IN SALT LAKE CITY
Blunt words to keep the race alive.

Again, Connally for Veep?

Whatever the outcome of the epic Ford-Reagan struggle, the No. 2 spot on the ticket appears to be increasingly within the grasp of a talented and tainted Texan who can outdazzle either Republican—and just possibly the Democratic ticket as well. The prospect of John Connally as a candidate for Vice President evokes emotions ranging from outright delight to abject despair, for few politicians engender less neutrality than Connally, the millionaire international lawyer, former Governor and Treasury Secretary whose assets and liabilities are formidable.

The Texas twang that most political antennas are picking up whenever speculation turns to a Veep for Ford or Reagan has these origins:

- ▶ As his prospects of winning the presidential nomination ebbed, Ronald Reagan strongly reiterated that he would not accept the vice-presidential nomination "under any circumstances."

- ▶ Surveys of Republican delegates showed heavy support for Connally, now 59, as the vice-presidential candidate. A poll by the Associated Press gave Connally 224 votes. Reagan 97 and Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee 93.

- ▶ Connally, whose strict neutrality in the Ford-Reagan contest has kept the doors to both camps ajar, coyly allowed that he would consider the vice-presidential nomination if assured of a major role in the Administration.

- ▶ Senator Barry Goldwater gave him a boost, saying, "John Connally of Texas is a man that to me knows more about American business, American foreign policy, American defense, and how

to get it across to the people than probably any other man in America—including the President."

Hyperbole and polls aside, Connally needs only one vote—that of the presidential nominee. Some confidants of both Ford and Reagan reckon that Connally could be the most electric No. 2 that either man could choose. Reagan's advisers say Connally would be a "very acceptable" running mate. Notes one top aide: "I'd love to see Connally take on Jimmy Carter." White House and Ford committee aides report that Connally support runs especially strong among Reagan backers. Thus Ford could partly mollify the conservative Reagan wing by tapping Connally.

In addition to his legendary campaign skills and mastery of the sulfurous political putdown, Connally could give Ford or Reagan a fighting chance to carry Texas, where the Carter-Mondale ticket now seems well ahead. Connally could also help the Republicans in some Southern states, notably Mississippi, Florida, South Carolina and Virginia.

But Ford advisers have been split over whether the President should select

lect a conservative vice-presidential candidate, the better to attack the liberal Carter-Mondale slate, or whether he should pick a moderate in hope of attracting independent and Democratic voters. Connally, with his ties to Texas oil interests and his wheeler-dealer image, might not have enough appeal beyond the confines of the Republican right.

Most informed speculation now focuses on six prospects. The group is headed by Reagan and Connally and includes Tennessee Senators Baker and Bill Brock, Iowa Governor Robert Ray and House Minority Leader John Rhodes of Arizona. All except Baker and Ray are well to the right of center. Baker is known for his role as vice chairman of the Senate Watergate committee and is an impressive campaigner. He is also acceptable to all wings of the party. Brock is highly regarded but little known. Ray is personally close to Ford, chairman of the convention platform committee—and also obscure in national terms. Rhodes is a nonabrasive conservative with slight appeal outside the South and West. Missing from the lineup are such more or less liberal favorites as Nelson Rockefeller and Commerce Secretary Elliot Richardson, who have fared poorly in delegate polls.

Arrogant and Abrasive. For all his charm and abilities, Connally has many drawbacks. He would have scant appeal to voter blocs that are also cool to Ford and Reagan: blacks, organized labor, the Spanish speaking and blue-collar workers. He also seems considerably less attractive to voters in general than to Republican party workers. In a nationwide TIME-Yankelovich survey of 1,048 registered voters in June, 29% said they would be less likely to opt for the Republican ticket if Connally were the vice-presidential candidate; only 19% claimed they would be more inclined to support the G.O.P. if he were aboard; the rest said it would make no difference or were unsure.

His record would certainly become a contentious campaign issue. As Treas-

TENNESSEE SENATOR HOWARD BAKER



HOUSE MINORITY LEADER JOHN RHODES



IOWA GOVERNOR ROBERT RAY

A question of whether to reach into the center for votes.

EX-TREASURY SECRETARY JOHN CONNALLY



surey Secretary under President Nixon in 1971-72. Connally's quick intelligence and grasp of economic affairs impressed the experts. He designed the strict wage and price controls that temporarily slowed inflation but in the long run were ineffective, partly because Government directives shifted so often. Though America's European allies grudgingly admire his shrewdness in ramming through the first devaluation of the dollar in 37 years, in order to start reversing the long string of U.S. payments deficits, they almost unanimously consider Connally to be devious, arrogant and abrasive. West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt is furious with him. Many other leaders still bridle at a remark attributed to Connally in 1971: "What Europe needs is a good kick in the ass."

Nixon Link. At home, many Republicans cannot accept Connally because he is a backslid Democrat, a Lyndon Johnson confidant who switched parties in 1973, opportunistically figuring that Nixon would help him win the 1976 presidential nomination. Indeed, he was Nixon's first choice to succeed Spiro Agnew in 1973, until it became clear that Congress would not confirm him.

He is also tainted by his indictment on charges that he accepted \$10,000 from a large milk cooperative for helping persuade Nixon to raise milk price supports in 1971. Connally was acquitted by a U.S. district court jury in Washington. Still, one Ford adviser concedes, "some of us would hold our breath for the whole campaign, fearing that some new evidence might come out about the milk scandal. It may be contrary to the system of justice, since he was acquitted, but there are still a lot of folks with a gut feeling that John Connally was guilty as sin."

To some extent, the shadow that lingers over Connally can be attributed to a number of court rulings that hampered the prosecution. For one example: Judge George L. Hart refused to allow evidence to be introduced at the trial showing that Connally once promised Texas oil to President Nixon, evidence prosecutors felt would demonstrate to the jury that Connally had been accustomed to wheeling and dealing. In any case, if Connally is on the Republican ticket, his close ties to Nixon would make Watergate much more of a campaign issue, without the Democrats even having to mention it. He would also be hard put to explain his public statement that Nixon should have destroyed the White House tapes.

These deficits do not diminish Connally's ambition. He has kept highly visible in recent weeks by speaking at Republican fund raisers and heading a committee that tried to encourage anti-Communist voting in the Italian elections. He plans to attend his very first Republican convention on Aug. 16 in Kansas City. There his personal magnetism and political savvy might just stampede the convention—and the nominee



THE CANDIDATE HURDLING FENCE TO GREET VOTERS AT NEW YORK'S LAGUARDIA AIRPORT

DEMOCRATS

How Populist Is Carter?

Suddenly both Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan were encouraging themselves with visions of Jimmy Carter's vulnerability. All through the primaries, Carter had appeared ideologically elusive, so mixing liberal and conservative signals that the net effect was an image of enigmatic moderation, veiled by a scrim of "decency" and "love."

Now, at last, Carter seemed to have come out into the open. He chose a running mate, Senator Walter Mondale, who has a 94% approval rating from the Americans for Democratic Action, an apparent liberal's liberal. At the Democratic Convention, Carter delivered an avowedly Populist sermon that attacked the "political and economic elite," the "big-shot crooks" who never go to jail, and the "unholy, self-perpetuating alliances [that] have been formed between money and politics." Among other things, he repeated his endorsement of the idea of a national health system—an expensive proposition for an anti-Government candidate to advance in an anti-Government year. Afterward, Carter pronounced his acceptance address deliberately Populist in tone: asked if he considered himself a Populist, he replied, "I think so."

In all this, the Republicans thought they caught the scent of a likely victor. Said Kansas Senator Robert Dole, who will act as temporary chairman of the G.O.P. convention: "Carter is a Southern-fried McGovern or a Southern-fried Humphrey." Reagan Strategist Lyn Nofziger beamed at the choice of Mon-

dale. "We were very happy," he said.

Had Carter suddenly lurched to the left? Not really. Since he began his political career in 1962 as a Georgia state senator, he has been a complicated political original—what FORTUNE's Juan Cameron describes as a "cost-conscious liberal." All the Populist notes of his acceptance speech were echoes of what he has been saying for years.

In his inaugural address as Georgia Governor in 1971, Carter castigated the "powerful and privileged few," and he called for "simple justice" for "the poor, rural, weak or black." In his Law Day speech at the University of Georgia in May 1974, he lamented that "poor people... are the only ones who serve jail sentences." When he announced his presidential candidacy in December 1974, Carter inveighed against Government that is run from "an ivory tower," against "gross tax inequities," against "a business executive who can charge off a \$50 luncheon on a tax return and a truck driver who cannot deduct his \$1.50 sandwich."

Rural Liberalism. Carter, the product of a family that has farmed the Georgia red dirt for 210 years, the first on his father's side of the family even to finish high school, has deep roots in the Populist tradition. Populism sprang simultaneously from the soil of the Middle West and the South in the early 1890s. The movement started with small farmers rising up against exploitative big-city manufacturers, bankers and railroad owners. In Georgia, Tom Watson, a brilliant lawyer who later became

THE NATION

a U.S. Senator, was telling Southern yeomen that they were "the sworn foes of monopoly of power, of place, of wealth, of progress." In this, however, was the classic American doctrine of opportunity—not anti-capitalism, but the insistence that, as Watson said, "the poorest, the weakest, the humblest" have a fair chance.

Populism aimed to free the small farmer from debt, and it inspired William Jennings Bryan's free-silver policy, which was designed to put more money into circulation. From Populist roots grew the Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota, the Non-Partisan League in North Dakota and the Progressive Party headed by Wisconsin's Senator Robert La Follette. The movement also developed its ugly side, later serving as a power base for such back-country bigots and racist leaders as Mississippi Senator Theodore Bilbo, Georgia Governor Eugene Talmadge and, eventually, Tom Watson. Today, however, Southern Populism is rural liberalism based on Southern culture, moral values and God.

Business Support. Jimmy Carter's introduction to politics came through his maternal grandfather Jim Jack Gordy, an avid Watson supporter. Jim Jack and Jimmy's father took him as a boy to Populist political rallies, and he absorbed their lessons. Meeting last week with *TIME* editors, Carter explained what



WISCONSIN'S ROBERT LA FOLLETTE

Populism means to him. Said he: "My strength comes directly from the populace. Any decisions I make must, of course, be objective and fair—to redress grievances and overcome the last vestiges of the consequences of racial discrimination. In the future... support must come from the population as a whole."

There was a distinct Populist strain in Carter's campaign for Governor in 1970. He ran against the former Governor, who got to be known—not by



GEORGIA'S TOM WATSON

Jimmy—as "Cuff Links." Carl Sanders, he also ran against what he called "the economic elite and the political power brokers." One of his most effective TV spots in that campaign showed Carter walking up to the door of a country club and having it slammed in his face. He pronounced himself a people's candidate, unwelcome in the banks and board rooms. As Governor, he made some enemies among businessmen, notably by introducing a strong consumer-protection law and stern legislation to protect

'People Don't Know Who I Am'

In Manhattan last week, Jimmy Carter met with *TIME* editors for 70 minutes. Excerpts:

Q. How does the coming campaign look to you?

A. I guess President Ford is the most likely Republican nominee, though he is certainly no sure thing. I would guess that with the possible exception of Michigan, I would be ahead now in all the states. Between now and Labor Day, the margin will narrow, but that's to be expected. I think that I will win in November, but only if I don't become overconfident. If I should get arrogant, or start to depend on powerful political intermediaries, that could cost me the election.

Q. Where do you consider yourself most vulnerable?

A. My major vulnerability is that people still don't know who I am or what I stand for on specific issues. Although I was in all [but one] of the primaries, I mostly restricted my efforts to just a few states. I still have never campaigned extensively in California, Massachusetts or New York. We organized only three states in depth—Iowa, Florida and New Hampshire—and did a lesser, but effective, job in Ohio and Pennsylvania. The

major issue used by my primary opponents, particularly Congressman Morris Udall, was that I was fuzzy on the issues. This constant campaign statement had an impact in some of the states, though not the majority. But we have a fairly good public opinion poll and this has paid rich dividends—not in shaping stands on issues, because those can't be modified—but in the orientation of our resources where I spend my time, where we spend our money, where I could send my wife or one of my children.

Q. What will be the overriding issue?

A. Trust of people in Government is the No. 1 issue. It transcends unemployment and inflation.

Q. How much are your religious views going to be a problem?

A. They are much less of a problem now than they were two or three months ago. The poll results show a strong trend toward acceptance of my religious views. There is a general realization that they are personal and that the Baptist Church, perhaps more strongly than any other denomination, believes in complete separation of church and state.

Q. Are you willing to engage in debates with your opponent?

A. I have no aversion to them at all. President Ford has announced that he would not participate in any debates, so I don't know if it would be feasible to work them out.

Q. How do you reply to the Republicans' charges that are already being made that yours would be a big-spending Administration?

A. I would have a tough management attitude with the Government itself. There are very few programs to which I'm committed that would have a major increase in costs. The only major program that could be possibly expensive is a comprehensive health program, but I've been very conservative about this. I would phase it in very cautiously and without much increase in what we are spending overall now. Historically there's been a high correlation between Democratic Administrations and balanced budgets and between Republican Administrations and gross deficits. I would retain that commitment.

Q. Do you think that at the end of your first term, federal spending in real dollars will be lower?

A. No, I doubt that. But I think the rate of increase would be carefully controlled, well considered and subject to a long-range plan. I don't favor Government planning for the private sector, but as President I would start immediately



NEBRASKA'S WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN



MINNESOTA'S WALTER MONDALE
Capable of surprising.

the environment. But businessmen generally supported his administration and applauded his government reorganization and zero-based budgeting. And they liked that he did not introduce any soak-the-rich taxes.

Last week Carter met with 52 of the nation's top corporate executives at New York's "21" Club (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*). One of the hosts was a friend from Atlanta, Coca-Cola Board Chairman J. Paul Austin. Carter strongly endorsed free enterprise—as he had to the con-

vention—and had friendly words for multinational corporations. Said he: "I have never had a goal for Government to dominate business."

Political Analyst Richard Scammon says Carter "is more a moderate New Dealer than a true Populist." As President, he could be expected to concentrate considerable attention on the poor and minorities. In many ways, his basic instincts are quite close to those of two

liberals whom he defeated in the primaries—Morris Udall and Fred Harris. (The presidential candidate whom Carter liked best was Harris, though the affection was not reciprocated.) For all his anti-Washington talk, however, Carter does not run against Big Government as such, but against inefficient Government. At bottom, he is in the process of trying to redefine liberalism so as to improve its methods while maintaining its social goals.

Moral Reservations. In that perspective, his choice of Minnesota's Fritz Mondale as his running mate was thoroughly consistent. But Mondale, like Carter, is capable of surprising. His Senate votes are usually liberal, of course. But as a member of the Senate Budget Committee, he has opposed meat-tax cuts in the defense budget. He did not support George McGovern in his fight to kill the B-1 bomber. He has had misgivings about both busing and the Humphrey-Hawkins full-employment bill. Like Carter, he has moral reservations about abortion, though he accepts the Supreme Court decision legalizing it. On the overriding liberal litmus test of Viet Nam, Mondale was late (1968) in swinging over to the antiwar side. Carter obviously feels politically compatible with Mondale. In many ways, it is difficult to say which of them is more liberal or which more conservative.

to lay down what I intend to call goals for America. There will be a series of public meetings around the country—much like the ones I held when I became Governor of Georgia—to help plan programs on transportation, energy, health, agriculture, education, welfare and so forth. Cost figures will be put on those programs for the first five years, and this would encompass what the Government would do under my leadership. Then, the private sector—the doctors, the schoolteachers, the railroad managers and so forth—can make their own plans accordingly. One of the major problems in the private sector now is that there is no way to project what the Government is going to do next.

Q. How would you reform the U.S. tax system?

A. First, there would be a drastic simplification of the tax code. Second, there would be taxation of income only once. Third, all income would be treated basically the same. My inclination would be to treat capital gains the same as income earned from labor. Finally, I would have a truly progressive tax rate so that persons who have the higher incomes would pay a higher percentage of their income in taxes.

Q. What do you think Government should do to increase employment?

A. One thing is to have Government

goals that encourage cooperation from the private sector, such as a comprehensive, long-range energy or transportation policy. I also think that we could take the present expenditures on unemployment, welfare and job-training programs and design them much more comprehensively to create jobs in the public sector. We now have about 1.3 million people who are fully able to work but are drawing welfare on a permanent basis. I would like to give them job training and literacy instruction and get them job offers. If they don't take them, I wouldn't pay them any more welfare benefits.

Q. What are the most important differences between you and Ford on foreign policy?

A. Most people feel that Kissinger and Ford or Nixon have evolved foreign policy to the exclusion of the people and to the exclusion of their representatives in Congress. There is also a general feeling that we have yielded too much and put too much of an emphasis on negotiations with the Soviet Union, to the detriment of our relationships with South America, Canada, Japan and the European nations. And, there is an issue with our on-again, off-again export policies on agricultural products.

Q. How soon would you move to full recognition of Communist China?

A. That is an ultimate goal, but the

time is undefined. I would like assurances that the people of Taiwan—the Republic of China or whatever it might be called—be free of military persuasion or domination from mainland China. That may not be a possibility; if it is not, then I would be reluctant to give up our relationship with the Republic of China.

Q. What would be the main objectives of your energy policy?

A. I don't see any prospect of national self-sufficiency in energy any time soon. I think that is a false hope. But I would try to shift the nation away from oil to increased use of coal. In addition, we will continue to use atomic power as a last resort, and we also must pursue solar energy as aggressively as possible.

Q. You call yourself a Populist and say that you would return Government to the people. How would you do it?

A. For one thing, I would open up the deliberations of Government as much as possible, so that the public would know what was going on. Second, I would choose as Cabinet members and advisers in the White House people who have knowledge and experience of deprived citizens. And, I would maintain my own commitment to represent in a personal way those who quite often suffer from an inappropriate action that's taken by Government.



ROSALYNN AND JIMMY CARTER LEAVING THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN PLAINS, GA.

The Georgia Deacon's Day

Only three days after accepting the Democratic presidential nomination in Madison Square Garden, Jimmy Carter stood before his regular, adult Sunday-school class in Plains, Ga., explaining the biblical declaration that "God is love." The contrast between the two settings could hardly have been greater, but Carter was equally at home in both.

Inside the white-steeped Plains Baptist Church, where he has taught Sunday school for the better part of two decades, he took note of the swollen attendance—70 men and women, compared with a usual 22 men. He welcomed the visitors, including a number of journalists, among them *TIME*'s Stanley Cloud. Apparently referring to the press, Carter quoted the New Testament, *1 John 4*: "They are of the world; therefore speak they of the world, and the world heareth them." But Carter stressed that the gathering would not be turned into a political sideshow: "Our only purpose is to study about Christ."

God Is Love. Deacon Carter spoke without notes for 37 minutes—until the bell rang for morning services. Then he continued for an additional five minutes. By reminding the class of biblical concepts he had used in his acceptance speech, he gave evidence that he does not consider them at all inappropriate in the political forum. Noting that "God is love" was the first Bible verse he had learned as a child, Carter told the Sunday-school class, "As I put it in my acceptance speech the other night, out of love must come one more thing. Does anyone remember?"

"Obedience," responded one man. "Simple justice," Carter corrected him.

Then he had another question: "Who was Christ with?" This time a class member answered correctly: "Sinners."

Agreed Carter: "Yes. And prostitutes, cheaters, tax collectors, the common people, the dark-skinned people. The average person with whom Christ lived would not speak to those of a different color or religion. Do we do the same thing?" he asked in the church that he and his family vainly tried to integrate nearly 15 years ago. "Quite often, if we go into a Baptist church in the South, there's a social and economic elite. We're the prominent people in town. There's a tendency to think that because I've been accepted by God, I'm better than other people." He suggested that what he termed a humbling ritual might help relieve the "disharmonies" so common in small towns. "One thing I wish the Southern Baptist Church did—as the Primitive Baptists do—is the washing of feet, one of the most moving Christian experiences."

Near the end of the lesson, Carter again harked back to the climactic night at the Democratic National Convention. Said he: "This is what you need to remember: let us love one another. As Dr. Martin Luther King Sr. said the other night, if you have got any hatred left in your heart, get down on your knees." He concluded by telling churchgoers that "you do not have to have a preacher. You do not even have to have a Sunday-school teacher. You just have to have a simple faith."

He joined Wife Rosalynn, Daughter Amy and the congregation for the regular Sunday service. Carter appeared to be somewhat embarrassed as he made his way through the crowd of sightseers and newsmen, sensing that his celebrity is changing traditional patterns of worship in Plains. But he offered a remedy for that too. As he climbed into his car and waved to the crowd of tourists, the nominee yelled, "Next Sunday, y'all go to your own church, hear?"

THE LANGUAGE

Sounds of the South

Northern Democrat: *I like the man, but I have trouble with his accent.*
Southern Democrat: *What accent?*

Jokes aside, the fact is that not since Lyndon Johnson—who liked to go to the well, nail coonskins to walls and keep the creeks from rising—has the nation harked to a presidential candidate whose voice tintinnabulates with the sound of the South. Compared with Jimmy Carter's soft Georgia drawl, however, L.B.J.'s Pedernales (twang was absolutely abrasive).

Singsong Effect. Northerners were startled when Carter referred in his acceptance speech at New York's Madison Square Garden to "Eye-talians." Some Eye-talians might have been ruffled, but a number of Georgians and other Southerners did not even blink. Why should they, in a region where a porch is a "pyc-azzuh" and the capital of Austria—as well as a Georgia town by the same name—is "Vy-anna"? Vienna, Ga., incidentally, is the home town of Carter's press secretary, Jody Powell (see *TIME* PRESS). Campaign Director Hamilton Jordan—or, as it is pronounced down home, "Jer-dan"—is from Albany, which, unlike New York's



capital, is accented on the second syllable.

According to Linguist Lee A. Pederson of Atlanta's Emory University, who specializes in Southern dialects, Carter's speech pattern is not merely Southern, not simply Georgian, but Gulf coastal plain. It is one of at least seven distinct regional dialects that are discernible in what Pederson considers to be one of the nation's most linguistically complicated states. "What is more, it differs markedly from dialects in other Southern states. Thus an Alabamian's drawn-out 'you all' becomes 'yawf' in the more rapid South Georgian speech, and 'Ah wouldn't' becomes 'Ah woon'.

*Six other dialects: Carolina mountain; Alabama-Tennessee; low country; northern and southern Piedmont; Atlantic coastal plain and Thomas-ton-Valdosta.

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THE NATION

Some listeners are convinced that Carter's accent has been considerably—and quite consciously—modified by his schooling in the North, his Navy travels and even by campaign-speech consultants. Not so, insists Pederson. "He does not seem to have messed around with his language very much," says the linguist. "That's the sign of a person who's got his head on straight."

Thus Carter routinely modulates his pitch, employing a delicate rising and falling of his voice that results in an almost singsong effect. Another Gulf coastal plain element: he drops what linguists call postvocalic *rs* in such words as *go-phuh* (gopher) and *Cot-tuh*. According to Pederson, however, the younger generation of Gulf coastal plains people, who have been exposed to accentless network television and modern speech courses, pronounce it "Car-tuh."

Of course, Carter (Cot-tuh? Car-tuh?) simply does not use the "good ole boy" phraseology; his speech is far too aristocratic for that. Even in casual conversation, he is not likely to fall into what linguists call the double modal—"might could" or "might ought." Nor can he be expected to employ another familiar Deep South form,

the perfective done, as in "he done did it." Between now and November, moreover, his audiences are not apt to hear him describe his opponent, as some Plains folk might, as "a sorry piece of plunder" or threaten to "knock the bark off" him or talk of getting "mad as a puffed toad."

Natchul English. Some South Georgians respond to questions about—or criticism of—such accents by protesting, "It's the closest thang on God's green earth to the King's natchul English." Linguist Pederson agrees that the claim does have a certain validity. The North was largely settled by immigrants who learned English as a second language and were heavily dependent on the written word, he notes. Southerners, on the other hand, have always relied on the spoken word. "In that respect, Southern speech is closer to the native speech of England," concludes Pederson, and often to Elizabethan England. "It is a much more sensitive and effective medium of communication than Northern speech, for the most part, because it is so rooted in the spoken word."

That may be why, as one Atlantan observes, Britons Vivien Leigh and Leslie Howard were able to affect such convincing Southern accents for their roles in *Game With the Wind*.

THE FBI

Dipping into the Cookie Jar

Bit by bit, J. Edgar Hoover's image as an incorruptible crimebuster has crumbled since his death in 1972. Congressmen and journalists have exposed the late FBI director as a petty tyrant who conducted vicious personal vendettas, trampled on citizens' rights and all too eagerly carried out requests from Presidents to investigate their political rivals (TIME cover, Dec. 22). Now federal investigators have found that Hoover and his cronies in the bureau improperly dipped into FBI funds for private parties, vacation trips and other personal expenses.

Hoover's fingerprints on the cookie jar turned up during a probe into charges of corruption in the FBI's purchases of equipment. Following leads supplied by low-level FBI employees—including carpenters and other blue-collar workmen—investigators soon found evidence that Hoover and some of his closest aides had misused two FBI accounts:

► The \$85,000 treasury of the FBI

A Glossary from Cot-tuh Country

Even if he keeps dropping his post-vocalic *rs*, Jimmy Cot-tuh is likely to confuse Northerners from time to time—that is, from *tahm* to *tahm*—and increase other regions' interest in Southern lingo. Thus, in the spirit of both fun and information, TIME offers this glossary of key words, by no means all Carterese. Some are authentically South Georgian and others from different parts of the Deep South, some upper-class and others not.

can-dit: what Cot-tuh is.

Prez-det: what he hopes to be.

Watt House: where the Prez-det lives.

min-strayshen: what the Prez-det leads.

pah-ty: a political grouping.

Dim-crass: Cot-tuh's pah-ty.

Ruh-puh-uh-kins: the othuh pah-ty.

Mon-dell: Cot-tuh's vise-prez-det-shul can-dit.

Wash-tin: the capital.

Er-lanna: the othuh capital.

Er-lanna: *Cow-tooshun*: a newspaper in the othuh capital.

New York: the convention city.

New York Tahms: a stab'ism newspaper.

fast: where Cot-tuh hopes to finish *wawyk*: what it takes a great deal of to become Prez-det.

bi-ness: what you're in when you wawyk.

Sah-ditty: a popular night for pah-ties, though in *Wash-tin*, pah-ties are often thrown on *Mun-dee*, *Toos-dee*, *We's-dee*, *Thush-dee*, *Frah-dee* and *Sun-dee* as well.

gom bee: as in, Cot-tuh hopes he's gom bee the next Prez-det.

wangs: birds use them to get off the ground.

feel: as in, Cot-tuh knocked the bark off a big feel of can-dits.

hee-uh: in this place.

they-uh: in that place.

all: what automobiles and political deals are lubricated with.

tar: what you change when you have a flat.

be-yill: a piece of legislation.

inner-doose: what Congressmen do with be-yills.

pin: what you sign be-yills with.

faw-uhd: where a Cot-tuh min-strayshen would expect to go from hee-uh; also the incumbent Prez-det.

hoppuh-grass: grasshopper, might be found on Watt House lawn.



WANGS: BIRDS USE THEM TO

GET OFF THE GROUND

sup-pah: what Watt House dinner would become.

sal-lit: an initial cose at a Watt House sup-pah.

goo-buhs: the last cose, of cose.

The above glossary, based on reports from TIME correspondents in the South, was written by a native of Baltimore and edited by a native of Brooklyn, both of whom speak without de faintest trace of any kinda accent.



TAR: WHAT YOU CHANGE WHEN YOU HAVE A FLAT

THE NATION

Recreation Association, which collects \$2.50 a year from 17,000 of the bureau's 20,000 employees. A former FBI official told TIME that Hoover looked on the association fund as "nothing more than a tax dodge." According to the ex-official, Hoover ordered that the proceeds (about \$75,000) from his books, *A Study of Communism* in 1962 and *J. Edgar Hoover on Communism* in 1969, be turned over to the Recreation Association. "Then," said the former official, "Hoover tapped the tax-free money in the treasury for his personal expenses." Some of the money paid for Hoover's vacations in Florida and California and Christmas gifts to FBI executives.

► The \$10 million "confidential fund," which is supposed to be spent on informants. Hoover's top aides sometimes drew on the fund for lavish dinner parties, costing up to \$500, at the Carriage House, a Georgetown restaurant. The only informant that took place at the blowouts was done by the agents themselves—no actual informants ever attended. Recalling one of the dinners, an agent told TIME: "It started with cocktails and crab meat, then there were oysters, followed by steak and wine and French pastries and brandy. When I got home, I was woozy. My doctor believed that I was having a heart attack and put me in the hospital. But I was only over-stuffed." Government investigators consider the payments to have been a misuse of money.

The investigators also learned that the FBI's exhibit section, which is supposed to assemble models of buildings for use as evidence in trials, refurbished houses for Hoover and other bureau officials free of charge. In the 1960s, for example, the section's carpenters added a porch worth several thousand dollars to Hoover's home.

Black-Bag Jobs. Because the investigators suspected that high FBI officials were covering up further wrongdoing, they took the case to a federal grand jury in Washington. A second grand jury is probing "black-bag jobs"—burglaries—conducted by FBI agents over the past five years. Meanwhile, FBI Director Clarence Kelley has started cleaning house. He fired Associate Director Nicholas P. Callahan, 62, the bureau's No. 2 executive, two weeks ago. During the last 13 years of the Hoover era, Callahan supervised both the "confidential fund" and the FBI Recreation Association treasury. "No one has said that I profited personally," Callahan declared. According to his defenders, he only carried out Hoover's orders.

Last week Kelley appointed Richard G. Held, 65, as Callahan's successor. In charge of the FBI's Chicago office for the past three years, Held is highly regarded by associates. Perhaps most important to Kelley, Held has spent most of his 35 years as an agent in the field, far from the snake pit that was the FBI's Washington headquarters during the Hoover years.



THE TRACTOR-TRAILER PRISON

CRIME

Hunting the Abductors

Shortly before dawn one day last week a 25-car caravan descended upon the 100-acre estate of Frederick N. Woods III near Portola Valley, Calif., 34 miles from San Francisco. Out of the vehicles burst 62 sheriff's deputies and federal agents armed with riot guns and tear-gas canisters. Their quarry, wanted on 27 counts of kidnapping and 16 counts of robbery: Woods' son, Frederick Woods IV, 25; James Schoenfeld, 24; and his brother Richard, 22, both sons of a podiatrist in Atherton, Calif.

The three, said police, are "armed and dangerous" and should be arrested "on probable cause." At week's end the youngest of the three, Richard Schoenfeld, turned himself in to authorities in Oakland. But the other two men were still missing. Also missing was a clear motive for the bizarre crime that prompted the police sweep—the kidnapping two weeks ago of 26 schoolchildren and their bus driver from the sunbaked town of Chowchilla.

The 27 captives were driven 100 miles from Chowchilla to a quarry in Livermore, Calif. There three kidnapers wearing stocking masks forced their victims down a small tunnel into a buried 25-ft.-long moving van. Sixteen hours later the prisoners dug themselves out. The elder Woods—who was cooperating fully with investigators—owns the California Rock & Gravel Co., site of the quarry where the mass abduction ended. On his estate, 29 miles distant, police found a virtual junkyard—100 vehicles, including several wrecked police cars, a fire engine, assorted trucks and vans, and a tractor that could have been used to tow around the underground trailer; apparently the younger Woods liked to collect and restore the wrecks. His fa-



JAMES SCHOENFELD

RICHARD SCHOENFELD

ther's only public comment "I was told by the sheriff's office not to say whether I have one son or ten sons."

The police descent upon the Woods estate followed two possibly significant breaks in the case, which has spurred one of the greatest manhunts in California's history. The first came when a National Audubon Society group, on an outing in the Santa Cruz mountains some 40 miles from the Livermore quarry, stumbled upon notebooks, clothing and shoes belonging to the Chowchilla students, and an ID card owned by the children's bus driver.

Chilling Detail. Two days later, police finished unearthing the tractor-trailer prison in which the 27 captives had been entombed. The vehicle bore year-old license plates, and its tires were still inflated. Investigators quickly traced it to the Palo Alto Transfer & Storage Co., where they learned that it had been sold last November for \$2,700 to a man named "Fred."

Police officials speculated that the kidnapers not only spent more than \$10,000 to underwrite the ghastly venture but also planned it in chilling detail. The kidnapers took care to stock the big truck with water, blankets and a small chemical toilet, and to install two air vents before it was buried. They apparently spent a good deal of time in Chowchilla studying the movements of



FREDERICK WOODS IV

the schoolchildren: when they finally ambushed the school bus, they did so at a place and a time when they knew nobody would be around.

What motives were behind the crime? Because the kidnapers took a trinket or item of clothing from each captive, some officials felt that they were preparing to make a ransom demand. In fact, the Oakland *Tribune* quoted police sources as saying they had discovered an outline of the kidnapping and a ransom note demanding \$5 million in the cottage occupied by Frederick Woods IV.

As police tracked down a number of reports at week's end, easygoing Chowchilla was a town transformed. Once, the 4,550 residents left doors unlocked and greeted strangers with home-cooked meals. Now armed guards and unmarked cars accompanied the Chowchilla school district's 14 buses whenever they went out on their routes. An air of frustration and anger hung over the town—people spoke of "revenge" and "lynching"—and few doors remained unlocked.

THE RACES

"This Is a Battlefield"

Marquette Park in southwestern Chicago is one of the city's largest green spaces—a 321-acre expanse of grassy meadows, tennis courts, fishing lagoons and a golf course. Surrounding the park is a white "ethnic" community of 11,000 Lithuanian, Irish and Polish families—a vigorous old neighborhood that has tenaciously barred blacks and preserved itself as one of the city's last desirable white areas.

Two weekends ago a ragtag line of some 150 blacks and whites, members of an obscure group called the Martin Luther King Jr. Movement, decided to challenge the discriminatory patterns in the Marquette Park area. Their tiny

demonstration brought Chicago to the brink of its worst racial outburst in ten years.

When the marchers neared the park, they were met by 1,500 whites, including many beer-sotted youths who hurled jeers, curses and debris. Only 300 policemen were on hand, half as many as were needed to keep the marchers and the mob apart. One cop was felled when a 3-lb. chunk of concrete hit his head, and another was struck in the groin by a missile. 16 policemen and 16 civilians were injured. The demonstrators huddled in terror at the edge of the park while rocks rained down on them. After a few minutes they fled behind the protection of a paddy wagon.

Behind the furor in Chicago is a combustible mix of race and economics that has left the city, like many other American cities, divided into separate black and white enclaves. A few blacks move in, the whites begin to panic, and within several years the white neighborhood has turned completely black. "Blockbusters" take advantage of the turnover by buying up houses cheaply from departing whites and reselling them at high prices to arriving blacks.

Marquette Park residents seemed to consider the King march as somewhat akin to a probing action by an approaching enemy. Over the past few years blacks have moved inexorably westward until they reached Western Avenue, a gritty commercial thoroughfare only a few blocks from the park. Declared Store Owner Tony Caprio, 53: "This is the battlefield. We know that if we give up the park, it's the end of the Southwest Side. The blacks aren't going to get in."

This fierce resistance permeates the park's ethnic clans. Many of Marquette's homeowners have already moved out of other neighborhoods that turned all black, taking heavy financial losses in the process. Less than four years ago, Carol Smith, a secretary, and her husband Bill, 33, a truck driver, sold their

dwelling in now black West Englewood, a few blocks away, at a substantial loss. Says she: "Many of us have fled two or three times before. We have nowhere else to move."

Nor do most residents want to leave the clean, well-kept neighborhood, the litter-free streets, the bungalows with freshly painted shutters and the largely crimeless environment. The median income is \$15,000, and houses average \$30,000 in value. Youngsters play in safety on the elm-shaded streets, and families frequently leave their car doors and garages unlocked. Observes Housewife Gail Cichanowski, 28: "People feel this is one of the last really good white areas in the city."

Ineffective Tool. Many whites remain genuinely torn over the issue. Says the Rev. Francis Kane, a Catholic priest in Marquette: "The people feel caught between being exploited [by blockbusters] and being labeled as bigots." Adds Chicago *Daily News* Columnist Mike Royko: "The racial inequities of this country weren't the making of the people in Marquette Park. So they don't understand why, if the rest of society finds a way to duck out, they should bear the brunt of change."

Most black leaders are no more certain about what to do than are the whites. Indeed, most of Chicago's civil rights leaders opposed last week's march. Explains James Compton, executive director of the Chicago Urban League: "Tactically, it was a mistake. Marches and demonstrations have not been an effective tool of the '70s."

Moreover, the King marchers never focused their goals clearly. They talked at one point about open housing, at another, about the right to peaceful assembly; at other times, about better education, jobs and self-determination. Nonetheless, the uproar they created at Marquette Park did illuminate Chicago's racial problems like a bright flare in a dark sky.

POLICE SEIZING DEMONSTRATOR IN CHICAGO

WHITES PROTESTING AGAINST BLACKS AT MARQUETTE PARK



Mars: The Riddle of the Red Planet

Mars was a distant shore and the men spread upon it in waves. The first wave carried with it men accustomed to spaces and coldness and being alone. They came and made things a little less empty, so that others would find courage to follow.

—Ray Bradbury, *The Martian Chronicles*

For centuries, in fiction as well as in fact, men have dreamed about going to Mars and exploring the Red Planet. Last week, on July 20, at 8:12 a.m. (E.D.T.)—seven years to the day after the first men walked on the moon—this dream became a reality. "Touchdown"

ply overwhelmed by the implications of their accomplishment. "How many times does Columbus arrive in history?" asked Gerald Soffen, Viking project scientist. "We've just witnessed one of the arrivals. We are a privileged generation." For the first time, through an obedient and ingeniously contrived robot, man was about to gaze at a Martian landscape, to begin sifting through Martian soil for evidence that life exists beyond the earth.

Painted Desert. Like an apprehensive human who had plummeted from the sky onto alien soil, Viking first looked down at its footing, transmitting back to Pasadena the historic, if not dramatic first picture from the Martian surface. It showed one of the lander's round footpads resting upon an area of hard-packed soil strewn with pebbles and small rocks of varying sizes. At J.P.L., 212 million miles away, scientists could clearly see the rows of rivets on the lander's foot, late (Martian) afternoon shadows and—extending from rocks—dirt tails that might have been formed by the strong winds that frequently scour the planet's surface.

It was when Viking lifted its gaze and surveyed the landscape that man could really imagine standing on Chryse Planitia. "Terrific!" exclaimed the Viking scientists. "Fantastic!" There before them in a spectacular 300° panoramic view was a rock-strewn—and apparently lifeless—plain reminiscent of the deserts of Arizona and northern Mexico. Clearly visible were bright patches of sand and dunes, some low ridges, what seemed to be an eroded crater and a landscape littered with rocks. Some of the more distinctively

shaped rocks were promptly given names like "Midas muffler" and "Dutch shoe" by scientists. On the horizon, about two miles away, was a ridge that could be the rim of a large impact crater from which many of the rocks may have been ejected. Scientists estimated that some of the boulders were as big as 12 ft. in diameter, large enough to have overturned the Viking lander had it put down in their midst.

Above the horizon, the Martian sky looked surprisingly bright—evidence, say some scientists, that the atmosphere

*In contrast to the lunar sky, which because the moon has no atmosphere looks black

is richer than expected in light-diffusing particles. In the sky was a shadow—perhaps a cloud composed of water vapor.

The illusion of standing on the Martian plain became even more vivid when scientists produced a color picture that confirmed the appropriateness of Mars' longtime sobriquet of Red Planet. The soil seemed to consist of a fine-grained reddish material interspersed with small blue-black or blue-green patches. Many of the rocks were also coated with a reddish stain, strongly suggesting the presence of iron that had rusted in the presence of atmospheric or waterbound oxygen. Other rocks, blue-green and opalescent, reminded some scientists of copper ore. After correcting the color values on the photograph, scientists decided that the sky, which looked blue in the original print, was really of a pinkish hue. All in all, the view, far from being alien and forbidding, seemed almost inviting. "Oh, gosh, that's just lovely," said Thomas Mutch, head of the team charged with interpreting Viking's photography. "You just wish you could be standing there, walking across that terrain."

The rhapsodic mood in the mission-control room at J.P.L. was in sharp contrast to the tense atmosphere earlier that morning when the Viking I lander responded to a command by separating from the orbiter and beginning its 3-hr. 17-min. descent to the surface. Penetrating the Martian atmosphere, it shed its clamshell-like protective covering, deployed a 53-ft.-diameter parachute to slow its descent, and shortly before touchdown fired its retrorockets to brake its fall further. Engineers at J.P.L. watched nervously as the signals on their consoles marked the completion of each stage of the landing procedure. Because the signals, traveling at the speed of light, took nearly 19 min. to travel from Viking back to earth, scientists at J.P.L. were only too well aware that while they waited, the lander had already met disaster—or made history—on Mars.

No Monsters. Once the first lander was safely down on Martian soil—thereby assuring at least partial success of the \$1 billion, eight-year-long Viking project—scientists decided that they could afford to be less cautious with Viking 2, which is approaching Mars and scheduled to go into orbit on Aug. 7. Last week scientists were considering setting the second lander down in a rugged northern region that would be more hazardous for landing than Viking I's site but potentially more interesting to geologists and biologists.



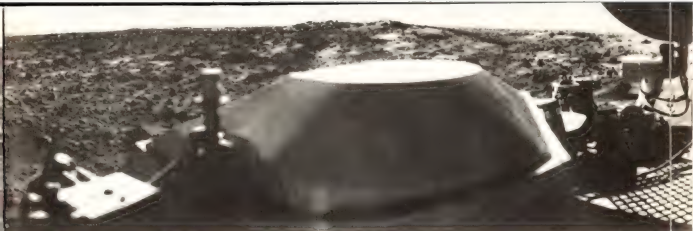
VIKING FOOTPAD & MARTIAN ROCKS
Looking for life out there.

We have touchdown!" shouted Project Manager James S. Martin Jr. as he watched the consoles at Pasadena's Jet Propulsion Laboratory. Only 17 sec. behind schedule, the lander was safely down on Mars' Chryse Planitia (golden plains).

"This has got to be the happiest time of my life," said Martin as he popped the cork on a bottle of champagne. "It's incredible to me that it all worked so perfectly." Scientists who had sweated through Viking's earlier delays and other technical problems greeted the landing with applause or jokes. A few were damp-eyed. Most, however, were sim-



MARS, THE RED PLANET, SHOWS ITS RUDDY COMPLEXION—AND A REMARKABLY BRIGHT SKY



should begin this week; the lander will start its search for life in the soil of Mars. Shortly after sunrise, eight days after the landing, an electric motor will whine in the thin air, and the slender arm, tipped with a shovel no bigger than a child's beach toy, will slide slowly out of the lander. Scooping up some 6 cu. cm. of soil (about a heaping tablespoonful), the arm will then lift, retract and twist, dumping the contents of its shovel into a round, sieve-like opening in the lander's top. From there, the soil will go into a rotating carousel, or distributor, that will feed carefully measured samples into what must certainly rate as one of the age's technological masterpieces—the Viking Lander Biology Instrument.

Built by TRW of Redondo Beach, Calif., at a cost of about \$50 million and housing some 40,000 components—pumps, chambers, filters and electronic parts—the biology instrument is the equivalent of a university biology laboratory in capability—but not in size. The entire package—including much of the equipment to transmit its findings back to earth—is crammed into a box occupying only 1 cu. ft., about the dimensions of the average automobile battery.

The biology lab will be looking for the signs of the kind of life that scientists believe is most likely to exist on Mars: microorganisms that live in the planet's red soil. In three separate experiments, each of which can be run four times for confirmation and control purposes, the Viking biology lab will test for evidence of

GROWTH. On earth, plants depend on photosynthesis, the process by which they remove carbon dioxide from the air and, using sunlight as their energy source, convert the carbon to organic matter. Viking's first life-seeking experiment—called pyrolytic release—will attempt to determine whether Mars has organisms that can do the same. The biology instrument will take a ½-cu.-cm. soil sample and incubate it for up to five days under simulated Martian sunlight in a chamber filled with carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide containing radioactive carbon 14. Any organisms present in the sample should assimilate carbon—and thus radioactive carbon 14—from the atmosphere in the chamber

At the end of the incubation period, the chamber atmosphere will be flushed (into a special container in order to avoid contaminating the Martian atmosphere) to remove any carbon 14 that has not been ingested by the organisms. Then the soil sample will be heated to a temperature of 625° C (1057° F.) to break down the organisms' cells and vaporize the organic material. The cooking will release whatever carbon 14 has been assimilated during the incubation period, providing Viking's sensitive detectors with at least initial evidence that organisms are growing on Mars.

METABOLISM. Terrestrial life breaks down and uses nutrients and releases waste products and gases, a process called metabolism. Viking will attempt to determine whether any Martian organisms do the same thing, by means of a study called the labeled-release experiment. A sample of Martian soil will be loaded into a test chamber, then moistened with a substance scientists have named "chicken soup," a nutrient broth rich in vitamins and amino acids and containing radioactive carbon 14. The sample will then be incubated at a temperature of 47° F. for up to eleven days. During the experiment, any organism that functions by metabolism is likely to consume the nutrient and release gases that contain radioactively labeled wastes. Viking's sensors are capable of detecting them.

RESPIRATION. Living organisms on earth alter their environment as they live, breathe, eat and reproduce. To determine whether Martian organisms do likewise, Viking will conduct a third experiment, called gas exchange. It will submerge a soil sample in a liquid nutrient, then incubate the dirt for up to twelve days in an atmosphere of helium, krypton and carbon dioxide. The lab will then sample the atmosphere in the chamber at regular intervals, searching for the gases generally produced during the processes of life—molecular hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, methane and carbon dioxide.

Should Viking find any indications of growth, metabolism or respiration in the soil of Mars, the excitement—and the implications of the discovery—will be unprecedented. The existence of even

the most rudimentary Martian organism would prove that the evolution of life on earth was not an isolated occurrence. Indeed, it would strongly suggest what many scientists already believe: life is commonplace in the universe. In the Milky Way galaxy alone, for example, there are probably hundreds of millions of sunlike stars, many with planets capable of harboring life. If life exists on both earth and Mars, the odds are good that it has evolved on other planets too.

Even if the Viking landers fail to detect living organisms, the possibility of life on Mars will not be precluded. With the Viking biological package, says Carl Sagan, "we simply may be asking the wrong questions." In other words, the experiments can tell only if there is earthlike life in the particular soil samples. Martian life could be based on a chemistry completely different from that on earth. Then, too, Viking, which landed on a site selected more for safety than scientific value, could simply be looking in the wrong part of the planet. The lander does not move and thus cannot tell what may lie even over the nearest hill.

Whatever the additional findings of Viking 1, and of Viking 2 afterward, the billion-dollar project has already paid off handsomely—and, in a way, has even provided what it set out to find. For, as Science-Fiction Writer Bradbury says, "From this point on, there is life on Mars—an extension of our sensibilities. Man is reaching across space and touching Mars. Our life is on Mars now."

Weather: Frigid

There was nothing routine about the weather report issued last week by Viking Meteorologist Seymour Hess. It was the first ever from the planet Mars.

"Light winds at 15 m.p.h. shifting as any sensible wind is supposed to do. Temperatures Tuesday ranging from a low of -122° F. to an early afternoon high of -22° F. and pressure of 7.70 millibars." There was no precipitation report; it has not rained on Mars for eons.

Dear God, please send rain.

In the flatland around Marsabit in Northern Kenya, it has been more than 18 months since the last drop of rain. Some of the children there have never known rain, never touched it.

Without rain, the crops die, the goats die, the land dies, and the children . . . well, without rain, there is only hunger and *kwashiorkor*, a protein-deficiency disease that strikes mostly children and limits their mental and physical growth.

It's usually fatal.

The drought is now so severe that in the Marsabit hospital children are dying of starvation. A famine exists.

The Christian Children's Fund needs you to help the children make it through the drought.

Give what you can. A dollar.



Two dollars. Ten dollars. Whatever.

We're distributing high-protein foods such as powdered milk and soya meal to children in the mission schools. We're teaching families what available foods are best for their children. We've established community action programs where mothers can bring their children for high-protein meals. And we're expanding our emergency feeding program where children are enrolled and continually cared for. These are the lucky ones because we will eventually find sponsors for these children, sponsors who assist them through monthly contributions.

Help us help the unfortunate children of Marsabit, Kenya.

Give what you can now. So when rain finally comes, it won't be too late.

Dear people, please send what you can.

Christian Children's Fund, Inc., Attention: Marsabit, Kenya, Emergency Fund, Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

- ☐ I want to help feed and care for the children in Marsabit, Kenya. Enclosed is my donation of \$ _____.
- ☐ I would also like to have more information about sponsoring a Kenyan child through the Christian Children's Fund.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

The Christian Children's Fund is a nonsectarian organization established in 1938 to help needy, hungry children everywhere. Member of International Union for Child Welfare. Geneva. Gifts are tax deductible. Statement of income and expenses available on request.

Christian Children's Fund, Inc.

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For the love of a hungry child.

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"Priced at a mere \$47,500, the Stutz is a hand-lacquered, hand-built automobile, carpeted in luxurious lambs' wool and trimmed in 24-carat gold.

"One look and I quickly upgraded my definition of upscale. And just as quickly realized I'd have to upgrade my old ideas of efficient media buying as well.

"Even a non-media person like myself could see I needed something unusual to attract wealthy car buyers. Regional editions of a lot of upscale national magazines, for example. But the costs were so outrageous I didn't know whether to gulp, faint or flinch. Although I seriously considered all three.

"That's when Peter Perez, the man who designs my ads, told me about Magazine Networks. A way to buy groups of the same magazines I longed for at local, affordable prices.

"Since then, ads for Smyly Buick's Stutz have appeared in such exalted publications as Time, Business Week, Dun's Review, Sports Illustrated, U.S. News & World Report, Nation's Business, Newsweek and, appropriately, Money.

"As accustomed to success as I am, I was nevertheless totally unprepared for the response to my Stutz ads. Cards, letters, telegrams... one man even radio-phoned while flying his private plane.

"What I find more astonishing, however, is what my Stutz business has done for my Buick business. People crowd into the showroom to window-shop the Stutz, then cruise on down the scale a bit to look at the considerably less expensive Buicks. And now, everything from Opels to Electras are moving out almost as fast as the trucks bring them in.

"In fact, if business keeps going like this, my next Stutz customer will be me."

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PALESTINE WOMEN, STILL CLUTCHING THEIR CHILDREN, LIE DEAD IN TEL ZAATAR AND LEBANESE FLEE COUNTRY AT TYRE

THE WORLD

LEBANON

Once Again, Palestinians on the Ropes

"I'm fed up with hypocrisy. From now on, I'm going to say it publicly and bluntly: I prefer the Israelis to the Palestinians."

—Lebanese Christian soldier

As the soldier's exasperated candor suggests, after more than a year of inconclusive fighting, the patterns of violence in Lebanon have been shaken up by some extraordinary reversals in roles. The Moslem Syrians, who originally entered the Lebanese quagmire in a peace-making effort, are now deeply committed—on the side of the Lebanese Christians. The Christians, who seemed to be losing the struggle against their Moslem compatriots only a few months ago, are now apparently winning. The Israelis, once just worried spectators, have been quietly shipping arms to the Christians, thus becoming, in effect, allies of the Syrians.

Most surprising of all, perhaps, is what has happened to the Palestinians in Lebanon. Having swaggered into the fighting on the Moslem side for what looked like certain triumph earlier this year, the erstwhile heroes of the Arab world were suddenly being battered by Christians on the battlefield and abused in most Middle East capitals outside of Cairo.

How had it all happened? Lebanon's Christian population has bitterly resented the Palestinians ever since they first arrived in the country as refugees in 1948; the hatred increased over the years as the Palestinians—encouraged by other Arab nations—demanded more and

more autonomy. Now, and in large part because of their Israeli-supplied arms, the Christians find themselves not only ready but able to try to eradicate Palestinian power in Lebanon.

Jerusalem, too, wants to see the Palestinians crushed. Earlier this year, the Israelis began surreptitious shipments of small arms to Jounieh, the Christians' chief port; now the shipments include heavy Soviet-made weapons captured by the Israelis in past wars—among them T-54 tanks, armored personnel carriers and 120-mm. and 130-mm. artillery. In addition, some Christian troops have been brought to Israel for training. The Christian debt to the Israelis is such that, says a Christian leader, "in the end, we may find that we will have to choose between Syria and Israel."

Ghastly irony. Syria's 15,000 troops in Lebanon now control fully half of the country, allowing the Christians room to maneuver in their drive to mop up their opponents. The bitter battle of the entire war drags on between Christians and Palestinian commandos at Tel Zaatar (Hill of Thyme), a Palestinian camp on the rim of East Beirut. The battle, in which 1,500 combatants have already been slaughtered, is freighted with ghastly irony. It was the massacre of 27 Tel Zaatar residents by the Christians more than a year ago that first stoked Lebanon's smoldering resentments into open warfare.

Both Israel and Syria seem to be doing nothing to block the Christian plan to end the conflict by "cantonizing" Lebanon into religious zones. Last week, as

a Palestinian peace mission set out to negotiate a cease-fire in Damascus, Syrian President Hafez Assad launched into a three-hour speech that flayed Yasser Arafat, the Palestinian Liberation Organization boss, for carrying on the war. Said Assad: "Those who declare that they wish to liberate Jounieh do not aspire to liberate Palestine." Peace, he made clear, would come only on Syrian terms.

The Palestinians brought their difficulties on themselves. Arafat's decision to take up arms in Lebanon to help the Moslem Lebanese, who had long supported the P.L.O. in its fight against Israel, was a grave error. It was indeed Arafat's worst mistake since 1970, when Palestinian forces operated so openly and defiantly in Jordan that King Hussein's army finally tossed them out in that year's famous Black September.

The P.L.O. subsequently became the idol of the Arab world; indeed, two years ago, Assad helped maneuver a P.L.O. presence at the United Nations and an Arafat appearance before the General Assembly. But the P.L.O.'s Arab support, even when it appeared broad, was always thin, because most Arab regimes fear the disruptive presence of the scattered Palestinian refugees within their borders. When Assad's support of the Palestinians waned after the fighting between his forces and the P.L.O. for instance, Egypt sprang to the Palestinian defense. But that Arafat ignored Cairo's support was not so much pro-Palestinian as anti-Syrian: the Egyptians supported the P.L.O. chiefly because

THE WORLD



they were riled by criticism in Damascus of Cairo's peace negotiations with Israel. Continuing his verbal jousting with Damascus last week, Egypt's President Anwar Sadat demanded a Syrian withdrawal from Lebanon, angrily suggesting that Damascus had entered the fighting through "miscalculation and conspiracy."

Palestinian Rage. The P.L.O. was losing on another front also. Says one Western diplomat in Beirut: "They missed a real opportunity to show the world that even temporarily they could run a *de facto* emergency government based on sanity, justice and efficiency." Even the fact that the Palestinians protect the U.S. embassy in Beirut—and claim to have arrested the killers of Ambassador Francis Meloy and his aide—has not offset that failure. Moreover, the cancellation of a U.S. convoy out of Beirut last week because the Palestinians said they could not guarantee its safety, may be further evidence of the Palestinians' weakening position.

Defeat and humiliation in Lebanon will be a staggering blow for the Palestinians. It will weaken P.L.O. arguments for a place at any peace conference between the Arabs and Israel. Beyond that, when the shooting finally fades in Lebanon, the Palestinians may be forced as part of the peace to find a new base. Whether or not this would curb the P.L.O.'s troublemaking potential is unclear. But the Palestinians could, as they did after Black September, vent their rage and frustration by reverting to full-scale "revolutionary terrorism," meaning the Entebbe skyjack on a much broader basis.

IRELAND

Trial by Fire in Dublin

Until dashing Christopher Ewart-Biggs, 54, was posted as British Ambassador to Ireland last month, the Dublin embassy had been a quiet backwater where aging diplomats drifted into retirement. But Ewart-Biggs, a veteran diplomatic troubleshooter, had been hand-picked for the Dublin job by British Prime Minister James Callaghan to coordinate Anglo-Irish policy in the face of a surge of terrorism that has been spilling south into Ireland from the embattled British province of Ulster. The survivor of several brushes with violence, he wore a distinctive tinted monocle covering an eye lost at El Alamein in World War II and was the author of a thriller entitled *Trial by Fire*.

Only two weeks after his arrival in Ireland, Ewart-Biggs and two aides set out from his suburban residence for Dublin last week, in a blue Jaguar followed by two Irish police cars. As the Jaguar crossed a sewer 150 yds from the house, two men lurking in nearby bushes detonated by remote control about 500 lbs of explosives hidden inside. The blast gouged a crater 10 ft deep, hurled the Jaguar into the air and sent stones flying for several hundred yards. The ambassador and a secretary, Judith Cook, 25, were killed. Gravely injured were the chauffeur and Brian Cubbon, British Permanent Under Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, who had come from Belfast to confer with the new ambassador.

The terrorists escaped with a third man. Dublin launched a man hunt involving 4,000 Irish policemen—half the country's police force—and 2,000 soldiers. Prime Minister Liam Cosgrave declared that "this atrocity fills all decent Irish people with a sense of shame." In London, Prime Minister James Cal-

laghan condemned the assassins as a "common enemy whom we must destroy or be destroyed by."

That enemy was presumed to be the terror-prone Provisional wing of the Irish Republican Army. But the Provos, who are normally not shy about claiming credit for their killings, were silent, which suggested that the bombing was a freelance job by some I.R.A. splinter group.

Prime Target. Some police officials speculated that the prime target of the terrorists, whoever they were, might have been Ewart-Biggs' visitor, Cubbon. As Britain's top civil servant in Northern Ireland, he had been participating in exploratory and unproductive peace talks between Catholic and Protestant leaders in Belfast. Since efforts to set up a Catholic-Protestant coalition government in Ulster collapsed last January, the Labor government's "policy" in Northern Ireland has been to have Britain's 14,500 troops there simply lean on their rifles and let the two sides continue

AMBASSADOR CHRISTOPHER EWART-BIGGS



If it wasn't for Winston, I wouldn't smoke.

Taste isn't everything. It's the only thing.
I smoke for pleasure. That's spelled T-A-S-T-E.
That means Winston. Winston won't give you a new image.
All Winston will ever give me is taste.
A taste that's very real. If a cigarette isn't real,
it isn't anything. Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av.
per cigarette. FTC Report
APR. '76.



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Better traffic information can get you out of that jam.

And Newsradio 78 can give it to you. Reported by Gary Lee, our exclusive computer traffic control at the Sears skydeck gives you more information more often than anyone else. It covers all the expressways and major thoroughfares. It even tells you how the buses and trains are

running. And it's never grounded by bad weather.

Newsradio 78. We've got what it takes to keep the daily drive from being a daily bore. Like Brad Palmer's up-to-the-minute sports. National and international news from the CBS Radio Network. Business news direct from E. F. Hutton, Inc. and CBS. And the most comprehen-

sive weather reports in Chicago from our Weather Command.

So keep moving. And keep up-to-date. If you're behind the wheel, anywhere in Chicago, have we got news for you.

WBBM/CBS
Newsradio 78
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"Basically, the problem we had was submitting \$50,000 reports that somehow always came out looking nickel-dime."

Right up until a few years ago, it cost money to keep up appearances.

Suddenly it began to cost less.

That was when we came out with the forerunner of a machine just a little taller than a typewriter. It cost maybe a thousand dollars more than a typewriter, but it did one amazing thing.

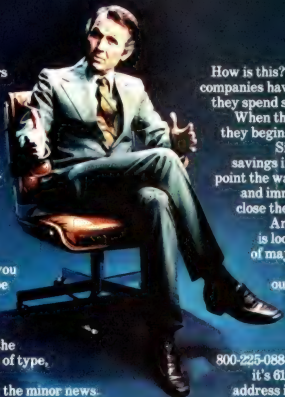
It set type.

It set type just the way you read about in books. It set type just like the books you read.

It put words into type with just a little more effort than a typewriter, and it put the words into real type, all kinds of type, virtually any type you want.

And amazingly, that was the minor news.

The big news was how much money it saved — most machines were actually paying for themselves within four to eight months.



How is this? Simple. Most major companies have no idea how much they spend sending out for type.

When they begin to find out, they begin to find us.

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And today, everything is looking better for a lot of major outfits.

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The business machine that was missing.



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who rocked a nation...*

*To the rebel analyst who
dared defy Freud...*

*From the secretary who became
chairman of the board...*

*To the pilot whose
last flight became a legend...*

LIFE

SPECIAL REPORT LOW



REMARKABLE AMERICAN WOMEN

1776-1976



Here is a colorful, memorable gallery of over one hundred women who, through their contributions spanning two centuries, made themselves—and America—remarkable!

**New from
the Editors
of LIFE
Special
Reports.**

**ON SALE
NOW!**

THE WORLD

to slug out their hatreds a while longer.

And they have. In the North, where more than 194 Protestants and Catholics have been killed since January, 1976 is shaping up as the bloodiest year since the violence began seven years ago. The violence in the North has become random. Gunmen burst into pubs and spray customers with automatic-weapons fire, then disappear. Earlier in July, a terrorist shot a pregnant woman, who later gave birth to a child—with a bullet in its back. If there is any "rational" target of the gunmen now, it is the British, who are blamed by both sides for preventing either side from seizing full power in Ulster. The homes of three British civil servants have been bombed in the North this year.

Impressive Break. The Ewart-Biggs killing was a dramatic demonstration of how easily the fires of the North can leap to the South. The Dublin government has stepped up patrols along its border with Ulster. Still, local support for the I.R.A., though waning in the South, makes control difficult. A Provo-organized march last April, banned by the Dublin government, attracted 10,000 marchers in the capital's streets. This month several jailed I.R.A. members staged an impressive break from a Dublin prison.

The Provos still keep their secret headquarters in Dublin, maintain countless hideouts and cross the border with ease. In addition to the assassination, Dublin's continuing dilemma was highlighted this week by an international conference sponsored in the capital by the Sinn Féin, the I.R.A.'s political arm. This was the Anti-Imperialist Festival of terrorist-linked organizations attended by 50 delegations, including one from the Palestine Liberation Organization.

RHODESIA

A Cash Price for Peace?

RHODESIA IS SUPER, the signs around Salisbury still proclaim, but the billboard bravado sounds ever more hollow. Last week, for the first time since guerrilla fighting broke out against the white-minority regime 44 months ago, a major terrorist attack touched the capital itself. The attackers, presumably black insurgents, hurled grenades into a crowded downtown restaurant and at a nightclub, injuring at least two whites and throwing the city and its police into a brief but telling panic.

Almost as shocking to the country's 276,000 whites—outnumbered 25 to 1 by Rhodesia's blacks—were some new signs of the cost of their effort to hang on to minority rule. The budget tabled by Prime Minister Ian Smith's government last week earmarked about \$200 million for defense and security—up 40% over last year and 300% since the fighting began in 1972. At the same time the Smith regime chopped the amount of money emigrants are allowed to take out of the country, from \$8,000 to \$1,600—an effort to stem a growing white flight that has cut the settler population by nearly 1% in just six months.

"The accelerating exodus of whites," reports TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs, "reflects the shattered confidence and mounting hardships in their community. For example, near the 800-mile border with Mozambique, across which black insurgents have been infiltrating, curfews have been imposed, and road convoys move under armed guards. In Salisbury, FOR SALE signs keep sprouting on houses everywhere.

and there is a run on such portable investments as diamonds and rare stamps. A young Rhodesian, preparing to slip out of the country illegally, explained, 'I have to leave almost everything behind, but it will be worth it. This country is doomed. I'll take my chances elsewhere.' Of those remaining, many are doing so only because they have no choice. One resident of the capital pointed to his modest bungalow and told me, 'This is all we have in the world, but I couldn't give it away right now. For better or worse, we are stuck here.'"

So desperate is the regime for manpower that it has been recruiting heavily in the U.S., Britain, France and West Germany for volunteers for its armed forces and now admits having "several hundred" of them in uniform. Salisbury needs these new recruits, for the rebels have been growing bold. Increasingly, they are directly tackling defense units, firing on military convoys and attacking border posts. To make matters worse for Smith's forces, Zambia has decided to let guerrillas operate along its own 400-mile border with Rhodesia.

Transition Plan. Although some senior Rhodesian security-force officers privately concede the war is unwinnable and urge Smith to negotiate with moderate black leaders like Joshua Nkomo, the Prime Minister's sole concession to the blacks has been the appointment of a commission to explore ways of reducing "unnecessary" racial discrimination. Smith, however, last week rejected most of the commission's recommendations, such as allowing blacks to buy land in white farming areas and permitting them to set up businesses in white urban areas. Among the few proposals he accepts is one that would repeal laws that prevent blacks from drinking in white urban areas after 7 p.m.

Fearful that Smith's stubbornness will result in a violent showdown with the overwhelming black majority, U.S. and British diplomats are working on a plan to purchase, in effect, white acceptance of an early peaceful transition to black rule. Still in the drafting stage, the scheme might seek to commit Britain, other members of the Common Market, the U.S. and states neighboring on Rhodesia legally, financially and even militarily to guarantee a bloodless solution to the Rhodesian problem. Rhodesia's whites and black tribal minorities might be offered a "safety net" composed of a floor price for their farm land, safeguards for their pensions and financial assistance if they emigrate.

This safety net would certainly be among the issues discussed by Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and South African Prime Minister John Vorster if the two decide to continue the talks they began in West Germany in June. They

SOLDIERS GUARD ROAD CONVOY FROM TERRORISTS IN INSECURE AREA OF RHODESIA



THE WORLD

could possibly meet again in early August while Kissinger is visiting Iran. But would the safety net work if adopted?

There is a successful precedent. In the early 1960s the British helped head off a prolonged civil war in Kenya by promising to compensate the white settlers who wanted to leave for the loss of their unsalable homes and farms. That program so far has cost Britain about \$50 million, and a Rhodesian version could prove even more expensive.

But such a financial net would prob-

ably be welcomed by many Rhodesian whites, not only those who would want to take the money and run but also those who would want to stay but would be fearful of what would happen to their property under black rule. Chief among the stayers might be many of Rhodesia's 6,000 white farmers, who have consistently blocked movement toward majority rule. One of them, the owner of a 10,000-acre corn and cattle spread near Selukwe in the Rhodesian midlands, happens to be Ian Smith.

FRANCE

Bank Heist of the Century

The vault door of the elegant main branch bank of the Societe Generale in Nice had been a problem for months. So bank officials were not unduly concerned early last Monday when its 50-year-old mechanism seemed stuck again. Then, after hours of unsuccessful tinkering, they decided to break through the vault wall—and made a discovery that caused consternation on yachts and in villas up and down France's fabled Côte d'Azur.

The door had been welded shut—from the inside. Behind it, a group of meticulous weekend robbers had pulled off what French headlines promptly dubbed *le frie-frie du siècle* (the heist of the century). In daring and imagination, it was in a class with some of the best heist movies ever made. The hoods—police estimate that ten people were involved—had used five tons of excavation and safecracking equipment to get at an estimated \$10 million in currency and valuables stored in nine safes and 317 of the bank's 4,000 safe deposit boxes. Awed French cops, when they arrived at the scene of the crime, thought it might

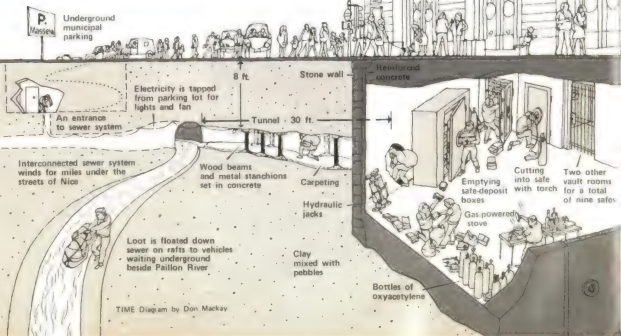
be the biggest bank break-in ever, easily surpassing the accepted previous record: \$4.3 million stolen from Purolator Security Inc. in Chicago in 1974.

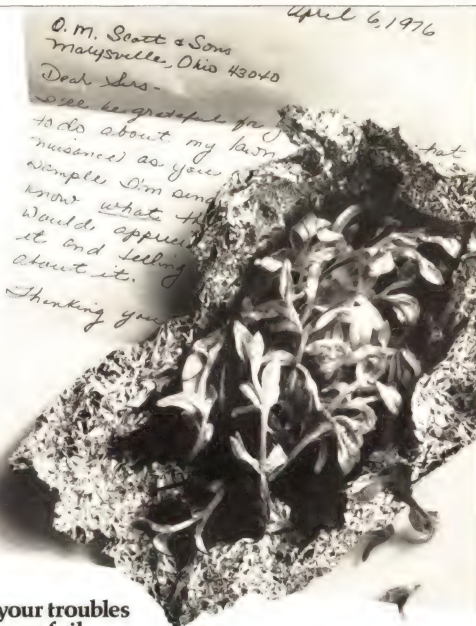
Detectives estimated that the robbers' preparations had taken a full two weeks. Driving vans, they transported their equipment, including six torches, 27 oxyacetylene bottles and several heavy hydraulic jacks, to Nice's Palais des Expositions, roughly a mile from the Place Massena, the town center. There they dismantled crash barriers that blocked access to an underground roadway built for sewermen alongside the River Paillon, which runs below street level through the middle of town. Following the road to a point near the Place Massena, they connected with a sewerage line that led about 440 yds. to a point 30 ft. from the bank's strong room. Then they laid out half a mile of electric cable, attaching it to the power supply of an underground municipal parking

lot. Now, with light and power assured, they began tunneling to their goal. The fastidious crooks professionally shored their tunnel with metal stanchions and wooden beams set in concrete. They also installed electric lights, a portable fan and thick industrial carpeting; evidently they did not want to track dirt into the vault.

After breaking through a 4½-ft.-thick wall into the strong room, the thieves used their jacks to move a five-ton safe that stood in their way. Then, with their six torches, they attacked the strong-room safes. Among the spoils they found were the entire weekend receipts from Nice's biggest department stores and the bank's ready cash for the following week. In the safe deposit boxes they discovered the items that might be expected on the French Riviera: gold, silver, jewelry, bonds, rare stamps and paintings. At least one box contained a portfolio of hardest-core pornographic photos, which the looters, in evident appreciation, decoratively pasted on the vault walls.

The robbers also attended to their





April 6, 1976

O. M. Scott & Sons
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Dear Mrs-

I'll be grateful for
to do about my lawn
nuisance) as you
simple. I'm sending
know what the
Would appreciate
it and telling
about it.
Thinking you

Pack up your troubles in aluminum foil and smile, smile, smile.

What do you do when a weed you just can't identify suddenly starts taking over your lawn?

(Would you recognize chickweed? henbit? sheep sorrel?)

Best thing to do is enlist the help of somebody who knows weeds, and can help identify yours. Like the people of O.M. Scott.

Scotts, the lawn company of ITT, has a weed identification service that's free.

Just wrap up your problem weed, or pesky unwanted grass, in a piece of alumi-

nium foil. Then mail it to O.M. Scott, Marysville, Ohio 43040.

Last year Scotts helped over 170,000 people with weed questions get the best of their pests.

They've been helping Americans grow things for over a century. Not just providing seeds, fertilizers and weed control, but acres of good advice too.

And lots of smiles.

The best ideas are the **ITT** ideas that help people.



POLICE INSPECTOR EMERGES FROM SEWER

THE WORLD

other appetites: they apparently brought along a chef. Using a gas-powered portable stove, he whipped up a four-course meal that included soup, *charcuterie*, an entrée, dessert and wine. The robbers brought no dishes with them, knowing there would be plenty of fine silver plate available.

What finally stopped the robbers was the rise of water in the sewage system, the result of heavy late-weekend rains. Otherwise, they might have doubled or trebled their loot. Said one policeman: "If it hadn't rained, God knows how much more they would have taken."

Aghast Officials. The gang floated its swag back through the sewers and to the waiting vans in a collapsible rubber boat and on a raft made of inner tubes. A note that the industrious looters left behind, signed with an inverted peace symbol, said simply: "No gunplay, no violence, no hate."

Bank officials were aghast, as well

they might be. The managing director, Jacques Guenet, had been so convinced of his vault's impregnability that he had failed to install any kind of electronic alarm system. To save on wages, he had even sent the night watchman home on weekends. Guenet's wealthy depositors were displeased, to put it mildly. On the day following the discovery, angry crowds clogged the streets in front of the Société Générale.

A promise that the bank would make good any losses only seemed to darken the mood. Indeed, one old woman fainted at the news and had to be brought around with brandy. To gain restitution, the depositors would have to declare the contents of their boxes, something that the law does not normally require of them. But in France, where hiding wealth from tax collectors under mattresses and in bank vaults is a national custom, such declarations promised to expose many depositors to trouble from the government.

Norway's Surprise Nuclear Catch

For three months the Norwegian trawler *Sjøvik* had found good fishing in the Barents Sea. But then, as it was trawling as usual for arctic cod in international waters, the 1,000-ton ship netted a catch that made waves last week in the naval intelligence services of both Norway and the Soviet Union.

As the *Sjøvik* was steaming slowly 1½ nautical miles outside the Soviet fishing boundary north of the Russian naval base at Murmansk, the cable between the ship and the net it was dragging along the ocean floor 450 ft. below suddenly started rushing off its reel. "At first," reported *Sjøvik* Skipper Ivar Hamnen when he returned to Norway last week, "we thought our net had been snared by the gear of another fishing vessel. But no other ship was trawling in the vicinity. Our ship began moving backward, pulled by an invisible

force that was stronger than our engine. Then, of course, we realized what was happening: we had caught a submarine."

After the trawler had been towed backward for about a mile, a periscope shot out of the water just astern of it. Then the submarine surfaced, black and wet, but with no identification marks whatsoever. Skipper Hamnen and his 40 crewmen reckoned that it was a Soviet sub, but tried shouting in Norwegian anyway to the seamen who began appearing on its deck. There was no response. Said Hamnen: "I guess they weren't too eager to talk with us. After all, it's pretty dumb when a modern submarine gets caught up in a fish net. It's supposed to carry instruments that can spot a trawler, cables and all, and avoid it in good time."

Norwegian navy headquarters in

Oslo confirmed last week that Skipper Hamnen's big catch was a Soviet sub: a 360-ft. nuclear-powered hunter-killer of the "November" class. Trouble-ridden from the time they were first commissioned in 1958, November-class subs have rarely shown their periscopes outside Soviet waters since one sank off the English coast in 1970. Besides, the submarines—famed for their noisiness—are absurdly easy to detect. When they dive, observes one Norwegian navy officer, they sound "like the flushing of an antique toilet." The sub involved in the *Sjøvik* incident was not even given a chance to make a rickety descent. After it had dragged the Norwegian ship backward and then finally surfaced, crewmen scrambled to cut away the trawler's cable from the disabled sub's bow, where it had become entangled. Then the Soviet skipper churned off on the surface toward Murmansk without so much as a wave to the astonished Norwegians.



The white rum screwdriver. It's enough to make you swear off vodka.



It's hard to fault the vodka screwdriver. It's truly a fine drink.

But—and we say this with all due humility—a white rum screwdriver tastes even better.

White rum from Puerto Rico just seems to have a natural affinity for orange juice. It's as if they belonged together all along.

Maybe because of white rum's unique smoothness and subtle taste—achieved only through natural aging. Vodka isn't aged at all.

Maybe because our white rum is distilled at such a high proof.

Whatever it is, you owe it to yourself to taste a white rum screwdriver. You might just swear off vodka. And start swearing by white rum from Puerto Rico.



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Come to where the flavor is.

Kings: 18 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's —
you get a lot to like.

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8 YEAR OLD BOURBON

Our famous eight-year-old bourbon is still made with the care and patience that went into this famous eight: The 1937 Cord Phaeton.

You might never own the car, but you can enjoy the bourbon tonight.



Aged 8 Years

BRITAIN

Dinner for 370,000, Please, James

Hardly had James unlocked the front door when the phone began to ring. "Table for six for lunch? But of course, Madame... Table for eight tonight? With pleasure... No sir, the menu today is *tabbouleh* and *moukkehieh*, but we'll be serving *kafra meehsa** as always... Yes, sir, of course we can provide a belly dancer."

James Kassouf is perpetually harassed these days. He is manager of the Beirut Restaurant in London's chic Knightsbridge, and this summer his phone is forever ringing with the news that some Kuwaiti sheik or Saudi princess has just left Harrods and was last seen heading for the restaurant for coffee and *mouhallabiya*. Kassouf and his staff are caught smack in the middle of an Arab invasion that makes the drought-dry London streets look almost like Cairo.

The Arabs are everywhere, their tarbooshes and burnouses as ubiquitous as brollies in the rush-hour crowds. By day they can be found pressing three-deep against the counters at Selfridge's or Harrods, the women often swathed in black gowns and veils, the men in Arab robes topped by checked sports jackets. At sunset they parade along Hyde Park. Toward midnight they filter out of Mirabelle, the Hard Rock Cafe or other favored Mayfair restaurants to stroll over to one of their discotheques or gambling clubs.

London Tummy. After that it is back to the hotel for coffee, brewed to order in little brass pots right in the room. Indeed, the hotel itself may be Arab-owned: the Royal Kensington, the Park Tower and the fabled Dorchester have all been bought by Middle Eastern investors—the Dorchester for a cool \$15.9 million. For those who are bothered by a touch of London tummy, help awaits at expensive Wellington Hospital in St. John's Wood, where the amenities include Arab interpreters and closed-circuit TV featuring Arab-language movies made in Cairo.

More than anything else, the strife in Lebanon is responsible for Britain's Arab influx. Most of the recent arrivals are vacationers from Saudi Arabia and the Persian Gulf states, or temporary refugees from Beirut. In the past, rich sheiks from the desert states fled to the cool mountains of Lebanon for the summer; this year they went to England, only to meet an unprecedented heat wave. Many Beirutis use London as a haven for their families and a substitute financial capital while they continue to do business by jetting around

the Middle East. "London was the next best thing," says one corporate director in exile. "When you leave your family here and go off on business, you can feel confident they won't be beaten up or robbed."

By the end of this year more than 370,000 Arab visitors will have passed through London, an increase of 77% over 1975. By conservative estimate, they will spend some \$500 million in London's stores, restaurants, clubs and real estate agencies. Often paying in cash, Arab buyers have practically cornered the market in high-priced British real estate, swooping up castles, country manors and great town houses in one Arab grand salaam.

Somewhere to Hang. One of the bigger spenders, Mohammed Mahdi al-Tajer, a multimillionaire who is the United Arab Emirates' Ambassador to Great Britain, paid \$1.2 million for the 18th century Mereworth Castle, once used as the setting for the James Bond film *Casino Royale*. The ambassador already owned a town house facing Hyde Park, suburban digs in Kingston Hill, a country spread in Hampshire, a \$4.5 million shooting estate in Scotland and an office block in Mayfair. What did he want with Mereworth Castle? "I needed somewhere appropriate to hang my paintings."

Real Estate Agent Stuart Gold, a partner in the firm of Anscombe & Ringland, believes that just about any property in London priced over \$140,000 is now going to Arabs. When they find something they like, they want it instantly. Last month Gold showed a town house to one Arab who plunked down a \$311,500 bank draft overnight in full payment. Adding the private purchases to the hotel acquisitions, the total Middle Eastern investment in London property alone topped \$445 million.

UNITED ARAB EMIRATES' AMBASSADOR MOHAMMED MAHDI AL-TAJIR IN HIS TOWN HOUSE



THE WORLD

The Arabs are not stopping with real estate either. This month two Saudi Arabian newspapers took over a venerable Fleet Street picture agency, Central Press Photos. A group of Lebanese businessmen associated with Beirut's weekly *al-Hawadess* have been offering journalists generous salaries to work on a projected new English-language Middle East newsweekly, to be called *Events*.

Along with the Commonwealth immigrants who have arrived over the past two decades, the Arabs are helping to make the complexion of London even more cosmopolitan. Many of the immigrants are Moslem, and they support over 300 mosques in Great Britain, including a \$6.2 million mosque now nearing completion on the edge of fashionable—and Jewish populated—St. John's Wood. Says Anglican Bishop David Brown of Guildford: "Islam is now well and truly planted on English soil."

ARAB BUYING WINE IN SUPERMARKET



* *Tabbouleh* is a crushed wheat, oil and vegetable dish; *moukkehieh* is an elaborate creation involving chicken, lamb and *moukkehieh* leaves; *kafra meehsa* is minced meat, grilled on skewers and *mouhallabiya* is Lebanese-style cream pudding.



PAT NIXON HEADS HOME WITH DICK & JULIE

With a happy smile for photographers and a friendly dig for Dick, a thin but chipper **Pat Nixon** checked out of a Long Beach, Calif., hospital last week, 16 days after suffering a partly paralyzing stroke at nearby San Clemente. Doctors worried about lingering high blood pressure, but said the outlook for a "full or nearly full recovery" was excellent. Flanked by Daughters Tricia Cox and Julie Eisenhower, the former First Lady, 64, waved from her wheelchair and told well-wishers "I feel fine, but I'm a little frightened about the driver." No need. With a steady hand, the former President guided her safely to a limousine.

EX-BEATLE RINGO STARR AFTER SURRENDERING ALL TO A LOCAL BARBER



"It's making many of her dreams come true," said **Larry C. Flynt**, 33, self-promoting publisher of the trashy skin mag *Hustler*, as he announced that he will be married in a Methodist church next month to **Althea Leasure**, 22, who was indicted with Flynt earlier this year on charges of obscenity and engaging in organized crime. The bride, who is the associate publisher of *Hustler*, will wear an ivory dress and veil, and her bridesmaids will be in red. The couple will live in a \$375,000 Tudor mansion in Bexley, Ohio, a staid suburb of Columbus, where the good citizens have not exactly rolled out the welcome wagon. In fact, they recently showed up in force at a zoning commission meeting and protested successfully against Flynt's plans to build a wall around his home. On second thought, a wall around the Flynts' pleasure dome might not seem out of place. When a neighbor complained that Flynt was the type who might start offering

lollipops to the girls who attend a school across the street from the mansion, he enthusiastically endorsed the notion. "I'll probably be out there on the first day of school, giving them out," he said. "That's how I get my kicks."

It was, no doubt, the fulfillment of many a barber's fantasy. Into the shop came **Ringo Starr**, covered, as always, with hair. First he wanted his beard taken off, then his mustache. Then Ringo said, "Might as well keep goin'." When the deed was done—in Monaco, where Ringo now lives—the 36-year-old ex-Beatle percussionist was as hairless as a

drum. The star was nervous at first, but he quickly found his baldness an advantage. "It's cooler, like," he explained. "This Riviera sun was goin' to me brain."

"I'm just an ordinary woman from a ranch who wants to see the amazing agricultural development in this arid land." Thus did **Lady Bird Johnson**, widow of the 36th President of the U.S., describe herself at the start of a six-day visit to Israel last week. One of the first objectives for Lady Bird and daughters **Lynda Robb** and **Luci Nugent** required a two-mile hike over dirt paths through Independence Forest on the outskirts of



LUCI TENDS A TREE SOWN IN ISRAEL

Jerusalem. Their destination: a wooded area dedicated to Lyndon Baines Johnson, where Lady Bird planted a pine sapling and Luci watered it. The former First Lady also met with Israeli President **Ephraim Katzir** and dropped in at the Hebrew University Library. Being a good guest, Lady Bird observed: "There are more books in Jerusalem on my husband than in Washington."

Every few days or so, it seems, there's a new case of a Congressman involved with somebody who doesn't like to type. Last week brought the conviction of Representative **Allan F. Howe** of Utah, who was given a fine of \$150 and a suspended jail term of 30 days for propositioning two police decoys in

PEOPLE

Salt Lake City. And the *Washington Post* recounted the adventures of **Robert Leggett**, 50, a California Democrat, who already has a wife (and three children), plus two children by a former Capitol Hill secretary, a situation that obliged him to get a \$14,000 advance on his congressional salary of \$44,600. Seeking sympathy and understanding, Leggett says he found it three years ago in the company of **Sook Nai Park** ("Suzi") **Thomson**, 45, a Korean-born naturalized citizen who works as an aide to House Speaker **Carl Albert**. Thomson, a svelte divorcee, entertains handsomely on a salary of only \$14,750, a circumstance that some Washington

her lemonade stand. More to her taste was a visit to the Children's Television Workshop studio where *The Electric Company*, one of her favorite shows, and *Sesame Street* are made. The eight-year-old swapped autographs with such *Electric Company* characters as Jennifer of the Jungle, J. Arthur Crank and Easy Reader, tried on a gorilla costume, and watched a show being taped. In the prop room, she even tried out the trash can that belongs to *Sesame Street*'s Oscar the Grouch. Amy's verdict on the studio: "This is the best."

Go to war? Nothing could be further from his mind, insisted Uganda Dictator **Idi** ("Big Daddy") **Amin Dada**, 48. Despite recent hints that he might attack neighboring Kenya because of its alleged support of the Israeli raid that freed hostages held at Uganda's Entebbe Airport, Amin went on last week to proclaim: "Uganda will never attack Kenya because Kenyans are our brothers in blood." It turned out that he was speaking literally. Said Amin: "I have fathered two sons from a Kikuyu [Kenya's largest tribe] girl called Wanjira. Their names are Njuguna and Njoroge." The 280-lb. Big Daddy, a Muslim polygamist, has sired some 20 children by five Ugandan wives (he currently has two), but this was the first disclosure of his international relations.

Having recently spent four weeks flying around in a blimp in *Black Sunday*, Swiss Actress **Marthe Keller**, 30, had no qualms about going up in a hot-air

balloon for her latest picture, *Bobby Deerfield*. She plays a dying woman who teaches a race-car driver to live life to the fullest. That involves not just the balloon and a racing car but a Lake Como ferryboat and an auto-train that bores through the Simplon Tunnel. Co-Star **Al Pacino**, 36, was not happy about having to spend two days filming in the darkness of the tunnel—"two bad days," he grumbled—but that had to do with the tunnel, not Keller. "We hit it off right away," said she. "I've worked with some fine actors, and you know, it's like playing tennis. It's always better with a good player than with a bad one."

AL PACINO & MARTHE KELLER PLAY A LOVE MATCH IN *BOBBY DEERFIELD*

SUZI THOMSON ENTERTAINS FRIENDS

observers attribute to her contacts at the Korean embassy, including several officials believed to be intelligence agents. The Koreans might be interested in the fact that Leggett is a member of the Armed Services Committee and has access to classified documents. But Thomson insists that her Korean contacts are purely social ("They all look alike to me"), and Leggett denies any wrongdoing more serious than adultery. Said he: "I may have egg on my face, but not gravy."

By the end of **Amy Carter's** recent stay in New York, she was pretty tired of having to be dressed up all the time and having to answer reporters' questions about why she raised the prices at



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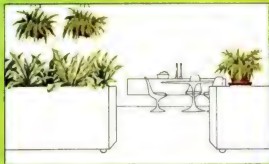
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The Hunger Lawyers

Ron Pollack's small New York City law firm consistently wins the biggest money judgments in the nation. Yet Pollack and the four other young lawyers (average age: 31) who work with him do not handle the traditionally lucrative kinds of cases—personal-injury litigation, treble-damage civil antitrust suits, defending giant corporate clients. Ron Pollack is into food for the poor. For the past six years, his Food Research and Action Center has successfully fought Administration efforts to cut back federal spending on food for those who would otherwise have to do without. In the process, Pollack and FRAC (as the center is acronyms known) have forced the Government to free hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of congressionally approved food benefits that the White House had sought to eliminate by Executive fiat. Says Pollack: "Our function is to use the law to feed people."

He uses it with devastating success. Of 150 suits filed in the past half-dozen years, FRAC has won all but four—and three of those losses generated legislative changes in favor of FRAC's causes, while the last may yet be won on appeal. The past few months have been especially rewarding for Pollack and his team. In May FRAC got a judicial order directing the Department of Health, Education and Welfare to stop blocking \$37.5 million in food benefits for 63,000 elderly citizens. Then came a \$125 million victory over the Department of Agriculture, which had been holding back congressionally appropriated food funds for pregnant women, nursing mothers, and young children. The topper was last month's stunning blow to the Ford Administration's bid to eliminate \$1.2 billion in food stamps. Ruling that the proposed action was probably illegal, Federal Judge John Lewis Smith Jr. blocked the food-stamp cut until the case is finally resolved. Said Smith: "Hunger and deprivation might result, which could hardly be cured through any retroactive relief."

Bad Policy. The New York City-born attorney, now 32, was a student civil rights activist who went to Mississippi in the mid-'60s, where he "saw in the starkest terms people who were extraordinarily hungry and needed government assistance." Only five months out of law school (New York University, class of '68), Pollack filed 26 suits

in a single day against food dragging on food programs by 26 states and the Agriculture Department. "I was arrogant," he now concedes. But, proceeding with careful research and thorough preparation, he won 25 of the 26. These legal triumphs helped him get a \$250,000 federal grant in 1970 to start FRAC, which is now supported by a host of religious and foundation sources. Pollack's work has won him respect from supporters and opponents alike. Justice Department Attorney Mack Norton, who has faced him in court and lost, says, "With Ron, we have to work a little harder." Adds Marshall Matz, general counsel of



POLLACK AFTER HIS STRING OF RECENT VICTORIES
When he was arrogant, it was 26 suits in a day.

the Senate Nutrition Committee, "He argues congressional intent better than anyone else I've seen."

That is almost always Pollack's key argument—that the intention of the lawmakers is being subverted or ignored by Executive actions. But the young lawyer wishes that the adversary relationship were not necessary. The Government's problem, he explained to TIME Correspondent Don Sider, "is constant pressure to minimize spending. The areas that are most vulnerable are the ones with the weakest political constituencies." Thus in recent years, despite congressional appropriations to help the poor, the Administration has often withheld the money, prompting FRAC lawsuits on behalf of the deprived beneficiaries. Says Pollack: "It's almost an institutionalized thing and it's not a good way to make public policy."

Even with a friendlier White House

attitude, Pollack would still have plenty of work just making sure that his victories stuck. Two months after winning one lawsuit, he called the appropriate federal administrator, who admitted with shock that he had never done anything about the court order because he had never been told about it.

The Guns of Boston

"Nobody can get you out," warned the TV spots announcing Massachusetts' new Bartley-Fox law. It imposed a mandatory one-year sentence for those caught carrying guns away from their homes or places of business without the necessary permits. Because registration requirements were unchanged, even gun clubs joined in supporting the law which went into effect April 1, 1975. And up to a point it worked: 100,000 gun owners "living in sin" rushed to get authorization for their weapons that first month—ten times the usual number. But what was the effect on the crime rate?

The first answers have just come from a study of Boston crime by Harvard Law School's Center for Criminal Justice. Says James Beha, the report's main author: "It contained grist for both mills"—for those against and those for gun control.

Off the Street. Center Director James Vorenberg, who oversaw the survey, notes that the law has been enforced even against illegal gun carriers who had no other apparent criminal intention and "seems to have discouraged the casual carrying of firearms by those who do not have permits." This apparently led in turn to a drop in the use of guns in serious assaults. Previously, a steady 25% of those assaults involved guns; after the law went into effect the rate fell to less than 18%. In addition, there was an increased likelihood of prison terms for those who did use guns in such crimes. The effect on homicide is not yet statistically clear, but the death rate from assaults seems to have been reduced. As Beha says, "If someone gets into a fight in a bar, and a gun is less easily available, there is less chance of fatality."

Unfortunately, says Vorenberg, there has been no drop in "the use of guns in premeditated crimes like armed robbery." That, concedes Beha, "lends some credence to the argument that 'guns don't cause crime, criminals do.' But, he adds, "a gun is very much the weapon of choice if you are going to plan a robbery," and the Massachusetts law does not limit the general availability of guns. Beha observes that without such restrictions there is "no reason to expect the number of premeditated crimes to be affected." In short, gun laws aimed merely at street possession can help in the war on crime, but are not enough by themselves.



UNDERGOING MAMMOGRAPHY IN NEW YORK

Mammogram Muddle

More than 250,000 women 35 years old and older have taken part over the past three years in a breast-cancer detection program conducted by the American Cancer Society and the National Cancer Institute. Because any cancerous tumors they may have are detected early, say the sponsors, these women presumably will have a lower-than-average rate of mortality from breast cancer, which will kill some 32,000 in the U.S. this year. Last week the screening program became the center of a major medical storm stirred by a group of doctors who warned that X rays used in the screening might actually increase the risk of breast cancer.

Low Dose. Besides having her breasts examined manually and photographed by a heat-sensitive technique called thermography, every participant in the screening program is annually subjected to mammography, or breast X rays. Although only an extremely low dose of radiation is required, a team of scientists under the leadership of Dr. Lester Breslow, a U.C.I.A. epidemiologist, nonetheless argues that it may well be enough to cause cancer. Mammography, Breslow insists, is "a striking example of a situation where the very disease may be caused by the technology."

As evidence, Breslow cited a seven-year breast-cancer detection program, involving 62,000 women, undertaken in

Which can sometimes detect tumors because their temperature is higher than that of surrounding breast tissue.

the 1960s by New York's Health Insurance Plan (H.I.P.). Analysis of the H.I.P. statistics showed that while mammography was of significant value in women over 50, the screening program did not reduce the mortality rate in those under that age. Breslow also noted studies showing increased breast-cancer rates among women exposed to higher radiation levels—those subjected to X rays in treatment of tuberculosis, patients receiving radiotherapy for acute breast infection, and survivors of A-blasts in Japan. Extrapolating from these data, he concluded that "there is no absolutely safe dose" for X rays and urged prompt discontinuation of mammography in routine screening of women under 50.

To allay fears of women alerted by press accounts of Breslow's criticism, the National Cancer Institute (NCI) hastily called a meeting in Bethesda, Md., last week. The directors of the screening program noted that mammography techniques have improved considerably since the H.I.P. study began 12½ years ago and that the radiation doses now used have been reduced to about a third of their old level. More important, they said that about two-thirds of the cases detected were in an early, curable stage—and only about half these cancers could have been detected without X rays. Said Dr. Philip Strax, director of the New York detection center: "The real risk is in *not* doing mammography." Added Dr. Barbara Ward of Boise, Idaho: "These reports are doing more damage than good by scaring women away."

Whether mass mammography will continue is to be decided in the next weeks, after further study by the National Cancer Institute that will include a poll of women Government workers in Bethesda. Asked how he would advise a patient if he were still in medical practice, Dr. Guy R. Newell, NCI's deputy director, said that he would have no hesitation recommending mammography for any woman over 50. "For a woman under 50," he added, "I would tell her that there is a risk attached to the X-ray technique, a small risk that she might get breast cancer 15 to 30 years from now. But I would also state that by then there is a good chance there will be better treatment and a possible cure."

Incredible Journey

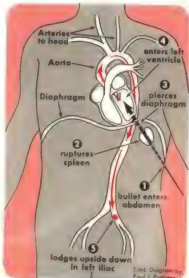
When a 23-year-old ex-con named John Rojas was recently brought into the emergency room of New York's Hospital for Joint Diseases and Medical Center with three serious gunshot wounds, he seemed to be just another victim of street violence in crime-riddled Harlem. But by the time surgeons finished patching him up, they realized Rojas's case

could well go into medical annals. One of the bullets had made an incredible 32-inch journey through his body; yet the man miraculously survived. The case was so extraordinary that its like has seldom been seen before.

Striking Rojas in the abdomen, the 45-cal slug shattered the spleen, then ripped through the diaphragm, punctured the left ventricle—the heart's major pumping chamber—and entered the aorta, the main artery of the body. Like a log in a swift stream, it was carried by the blood round the aorta's bend, down the chest into the left iliac, a major blood vessel feeding the leg, where it finally came to rest. Had the bullet taken a different course—blocking an artery to the head, say—Rojas would have died immediately.

Heroic Effort. Instead, the doctors could wage a heroic effort to save him. From the start, Chief Surgeon Joseph Wilder's special team—nine surgeons, three anesthesiologists and six nurses—realized that the abdominal wound was the worst: the removal of another bullet lodged in Rojas's temple could wait. Deftly cutting away, Surgeon Mulji Pawar removed the ruptured spleen. Then, after locating the bullet—which somehow had twisted around—he removed it, thereby restoring the leg's blood supply. Meanwhile, other members of the team sopped up the blood that had accumulated in the chest cavity, easing pressure on the lungs. Finally, Surgeon Abul Agum closed the hole in Rojas's heart.

Ten hours passed before the doctors finished their work; when Rojas was wheeled out of the operating room, his body was so stitched up it looked like a quilt. But at week's end Rojas was not only alive and well but looking forward to leaving the hospital.



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Prophet or Plagiarist?

Falling into a trance in the presence of friends in Topsham, Me., a 19-year-old girl had a vision. Jesus allowed her to see the tablets on which the Ten Commandments were written. At the very center in a halo of light was the Fourth Commandment, requiring observance of the seventh day. This meant, an angel explained, that Saturday must be kept as the Christian Sabbath.

The year was 1847, and the girl was Ellen Gould White, who was to become the leader of a new sect, the Seventh-day Adventists. A follower of Baptist Preacher William Miller, she had been one of thousands of Americans who waited in homes and churches on Oct. 22, 1844, convinced that Christ's Second Coming would occur that very day. When by midnight nothing had happened, many of the Millerites lost faith. They called the non-event "the Great Disappointment." But some still believed that Christ's Second Advent was imminent. Among them was Ellen White, whose conviction grew out of several visions as vivid as the one about the Fourth Commandment.

Ellen White is far less well known today than her contemporary Mary Baker Eddy, the founder of Christian Science. But the Adventists—who still expect the Second Coming to occur shortly—have grown into a remarkable denomination, with 2.5 million members in 185 countries, including 480,000 in the U.S. On average, Adventists contribute more to their church (\$486 a year per capita) than do members of any other U.S. denomination. Worldwide, they operate an extensive system of 4,218 schools and 421 medical institutions.

2,000 Visions. The Adventists, like many other Protestants, profess belief in the Bible as the "only unerring rule of faith and practice." But they also believe in the "Spirit of Prophecy," which for them is manifested in White's 2,000 or so visions, which she described in her voluminous writings. Among other things she opposed involvement in labor unions, the reading of fiction and the bearing of arms (Adventists are not conscientious objectors; but most serve in the military only as medics).

Many of White's visions concerned diet. She saw her followers making "a god of their bellies" and over the years issued various dietary regulations stressing vegetarianism and forbidding alcohol and tobacco. Another of her visions showed that masturbation could lead to "imbecility, dwarfed forms, crippled limbs, misshapen heads and deformity of every description." During one trance, "companies of females" appeared to her, those wearing the floor-length dresses of the 1840s looked "feeble and languid," while those in shorter skirts had "cheer-

ful countenances." For ten years she struggled to get her Adventist sisters to wear their skirts nine inches above the floor, over long trousers. But her "dress reform" caused complaints and embarrassment till a new vision told her to become silent on the subject. She gratefully complied.

Belief in White as divinely inspired, a tenet for Adventists since her death in 1915, is now under scrutiny. In *Prophetess of Health: A Study of Ellen G. White* (Harper & Row), University of Wisconsin Historian Ronald L. Numbers contends that many of White's supposedly unique revelations simply reflected contemporary views, and may sometimes have been plagiarized from the writings of 19th century health reformers and diet faddists. Numbers, 34, formerly taught at two Adventist colleges and is the son of a minister and grandson of a president of the sect.

Temporal Foods. Among those whose writings influenced White, says Numbers, was Presbyterian Evangelist Sylvester Graham, a temperance lecturer and noted vegetarian who promoted the wheat flour used in "Graham Crackers." Like White, Graham preached that each person was born with a given amount of "vital force" and by intemperate sexuality could prematurely exhaust his or her capital. Women, he believed, had less to begin with.

Another colorful figure in the book is John Kellogg, the most prominent Adventist of his time, a famous physician who for many years ran the first Adventist hospital and medical college, in Battle Creek, Mich. Searching for palatable vegetarian foods, Kellogg invented both peanut butter and corn flakes. Though official Adventist historians say the records are ambiguous, Numbers states that Kellogg offered his church the patent rights to wheat flakes and corn flakes, which would have made it fabulously wealthy. But White rejected the idea as tying up too much time and talent in manufacturing mere temporal foods. Kellogg finally had to leave the church after he questioned the infallibility of White's visions.

Adventist leaders consider Numbers' book an important challenge to the faith. In June their North American president, Neal C. Wilson, sent his pastors a letter warning against those who question whether White was "a channel of God's supernatural revelation of Himself to his people." The church then provided its ministers with a 23-page booklet of rebuttal against Numbers' book. The booklet reminds Adventists of Ellen White's prediction that "the very last deception of Satan will be to make of none effect the testimony of the Spirit of God." It goes on to suggest that "the enemy of souls will use such a book to accomplish this very work."



VISIONARY ELLEN G. WHITE



SYLVESTER (GRAHAM CRACKERS) GRAHAM



JOHN (CORN FLAKES) KELLOGG



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OLYMPICS/COVER STORY

The Games: Up in the Air

It is an Olympiad of contradictions. There she stands, poised on the balance beam—a 4-in. strip of spruce, 16½ ft. long, 4 ft. above the padded flooring. The palms of her hands are coated with gymnasts' chalk that is as white as her uniform, as white as her face. She is an infinitely solemn wisp of a girl, 4 ft. 11 in. tall, a mere 86 lbs.; dark circles above her cheeks, a Kean-eyed elf. Then, with no more strain than it would take to raise a hand to a friend, she is airborne—a backflip, landing on the sliver of a bar with a thunk so solid it reverberates, up, backward again, a second blind flip, and a landing. No 747 ever set itself down on a two-mile runway with more assurance or aplomb. She leaps, twists, spins, and the 18,000 people in Montreal's For-

um realize that they are witnessing an exhibition of individual achievement that is truly Olympian. The judges agree. Their verdict on Nadia Comaneci, 14, of Gheorghe Gheorghiu-Dej, Rumania: she is perfect.

Never before in the modern Olympic Games, which date back to 1896, has the performance of a gymnast been judged perfect. But within five days last week Comaneci earned the 1000 mark seven times. Yet never before have the Olympics seemed less perfect. Plagued first by the bitter international dispute over the participation of Taiwan, then beset by the withdrawal of African and Arab countries, the Montreal Olympics have seen what could prove to be irreparable damage (see box) to the notion that nations that play together stay together.

clad in their black-blazered parade uniforms, stood with their arms around several disconsolate Kenyans, still wearing the red warmup suits they had on when they learned of their government's "withdraw immediately" decision that morning. By week's end 25 countries represented by 697 athletes were out of the Games. Gone with them were such potential gold-medal winners as Track Stars Mike Bolt of Kenya, Miruts Yifter of Ethiopia and John Akii-Bua of Uganda. Gone too was any hope that such prestige races as the 800 and 1,500 meters could have the stature of world-championship events.

In the only way they could, the athletes avenged the indignity of political manipulation and the armed-camp-at-

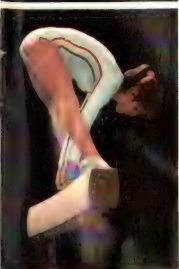
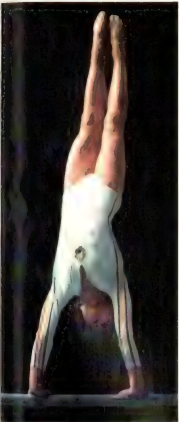
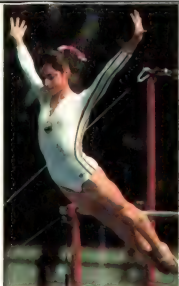
BESSET KORPUT, THE GLAMOUR GAL NO MORE

SOMBER COMANECI, A DOLL WITH A DOLL

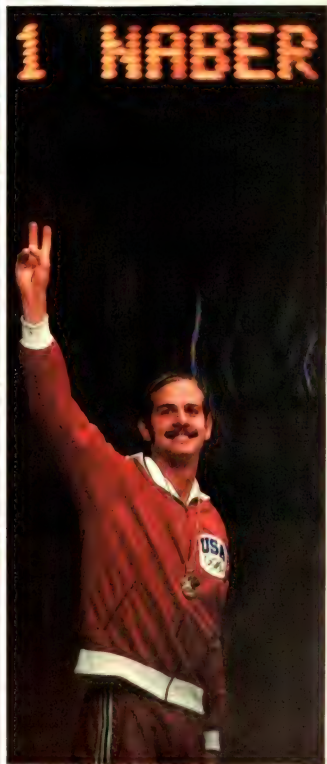


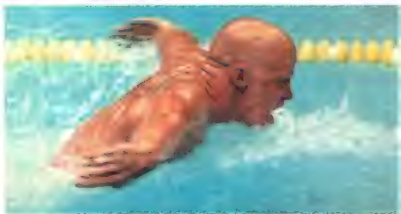
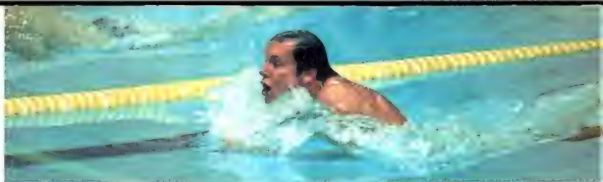
The parade of athletes at Saturday's opening ceremonies moved in a hastily assembled new order as country after country—Algeria, Ethiopia, Kenya, Nigeria, Uganda—kept their flags furled and their representatives in the Olympic Village. This shortened the parade, which may have somewhat comforted Queen Elizabeth, who stood for an hour and 15 minutes as the banners passed in review. But the athletes involved were furious, driven to tears and even threats that they would renounce their citizenship: years of training had availed them little more than an unpack-pack-up look at the Olympic Village. There, late Saturday afternoon, a group of New Zealanders,





The electronic scoreboard cannot account for what Rumania's Nadia Comaneci achieves as she twists, spins and soars to the all-round gold medal: her score is 10.00, not 1.00. It fares better with the star of the U.S. swimming team, John Naber. He is really No. 1.





Five U.S. gold medalists: Diver Jenni Chandler (above), record-smashing Swimmers (from top) John Hencken, Mike Bruner, Brian Goodell, Bruce Furniss; Loser Shirley Babashoff (right).

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mosphere of the Montreal Olympics (Canada's 16,000-man security force was omnipresent): they mounted an unparalleled assault on their own common enemy, the record book.

From the opening days of the XXI Olympiad, the athletes performed so stunningly that the scorekeeping computers had to be reprogrammed to process the data of perfection. Shattering eight world records in their first nine finals, East Germany's women and America's men proved themselves the greatest swimmers the world has seen since mankind's forebears forsook the primeval ooze. In one 27-minute period, East Germany's incomparable Kornelia Ender, 17, won two gold medals. Meanwhile the U.S. men obliterated all opposition; their totals in the first five days' nine events: nine golds.

But it was not the swimmers who provided the opening week of the Montreal Olympics with their reigning deity. That huge mantle fell upon the tiny shoulders of Nadia Comaneci, who electrified the crowds and boggled the computers by compiling the first perfect gymnastic scores. Performing her bold and difficult routines with consummate control, Comaneci (pronounced Com-an-etch) tallied three 10s in the team competition, two in the individual all-around contest, and two in the individual-aparatus competition—showings good enough to win her three gold medals, one silver and one bronze. Whether doing backflips on the beam or rocketing herself around the uneven bars, the deceptively frail-looking sprite (she watches her diet strictly—no junk food) was so much in her element that the audience had no more fear of her falling than of a fish drowning. ABC's Jim McKay, offering television's best-turned phrase of the week, described her as "swimming in an ocean of air." Reassured by Nadia's self-confidence, the sellout crowds (scalpers got \$200 for \$16 tickets) gasped not in apprehension but with delight and awe. Indeed, Nadia seemed as at home on the balance beam as Brer Rabbit was in the briar patch—hopping about as if she were born there.

Said Frank Bare, executive director of the U.S. Gymnastics Federation: "The tiny point spreads she won by don't begin to indicate how much better she is than her nearest rivals. There has never been anyone like her, never been anyone who approaches her."

Comaneci's achievements seemed so effortless that it was easy to forget she was not merely doing what comes naturally. Although her debut in senior international competition came only last year, when she leaped out of Rumanian obscurity to take the European Championship away from the Soviet Union's five-time winner, Ludmila Turisheva, 23, Nadia had been preparing for last week's moment of golden triumph for more than half her life.

Born in Gheorghie Gheorghiu-Dej, a city of 60,000 in the Carpathian Moun-



ENDER'S FLYING START (MIDDLE, ABOVE)
Different strokes beat different folks.

tains, Comaneci began her training with Bela Karolyi and his wife Marta, the gymnastic coaches at a special sports lycée in her home town. They had spotted her frolicking in a kindergarten playground and been impressed by her lack of fear. She was six years old. "At first it was like a game," said Nadia last week, showing no trace of nostalgia for those presumably more carefree days. "But by the age of eight," Coach Karolyi noted, "the students must be serious about gymnastics." Asked if Comaneci was exceptional then, he answers: "Many were. The important thing is that she is exceptional now."

Whether or not it is the daily regimen of five hours' classroom study and three to four hours' gymnastics training that has made her so, Comaneci is an extraordinarily somber child. Although she struts about and fidgets on the sidelines during competitions as if she were trying to release an inexhaustible flow of energy, she is almost eerily still outside the arena. While waiting to take her daily medical checkup one morning, she watched Olympic swimming heats on TV, her dark, unblinking eyes fixed on the action, her pale face expressionless, her hands folded decorously in her lap and her body perfectly still. The same, somewhat unsettling demeanor marked her press conferences. At times she would walk about clutching tight to a large doll. Asked how she felt about be-

coming the focus of world adulation, she deadpanned: "It's nothing special. I feel just the same as before." Did she ever think she might not win a gold medal? "No, I knew that I would win." Deadpan too was the way the press in Rumania handled her conquests: the achievements of the team as a whole were extolled, instead of Comaneci's.

At the end of each flawless performance, Comaneci would flash an automatic smile across her face as if it were an electronic scoreboard and prance briefly around the platform. But the show of enthusiasm almost seemed rehearsed, and she would subside immediately into the deep reaches of her concentration and composure. The smile and quick little dance steps about the floor were the only concession she made to the audience's clear desire that she refashion herself in the image of that ponytailed starlet of the 1972 Olympics, Russia's Olga Korbut. She is not an Olga.

Neither, any more, is Korbut. Now 21, Olga provided the Montreal Games with a haunting figure that may be remembered as vividly as the little girl who won two individual gold medals and one silver at the '72 Olympics in Munich. Her hair unkempt, the red bows on her two ponytails askew, her face at moments haggard beyond middle age, she displayed an overwhelming desire for victory while faced with certain defeat. She ignored Comaneci, refused to watch her rival perform. At one point Korbut burst into tears, at another ostentatiously iced an ailing ankle ("Every athlete always has something that hurts. If you don't, that's when you should start to worry"). When the stadium rocked with applause after Comaneci received her fourth 10 during the all-around individual competition, Olga slowly but pointedly walked halfway around the Forum to the water fountain. Sometimes brilliant, sometimes bungling (one night she

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even fell off the balance beam). Korbust still held the crowd. And when her last exercise of the Olympics ended (a sparkling 9.90 on the beam that earned her a silver to add to her team gold), the farewell applause, dinned for minutes: "I gave all I had," she said later.

Gone, too, for good was the Soviets' mistress of gymnastic elegance, Turishcheva, impeccable as ever and rewarded for it with four medals: one team gold, two silver, one bronze.

Before accepting her bronze in the all-around, she bestowed a queenly kiss on the two youngsters who had upstaged but not outclassed her. Comaneci and a bright new Russian face, Nelli Kim, 18. Daughter of a Korean, Kim won two 10s herself from the judges, one in her specialty, the vault, and one in the floor exercise. She took two individual gold medals and one silver, and firmly established herself as the personable, expressive new star of Russian gymnastics.

While Russians and Rumanians were whirling their way into the hearts of the packed houses at the Forum (a total of 86,000 watched the gymnastics), a much less diminutive set of women turned the Olympic swimming pool into their own private splash party. The East German women's team, which had never won an Olympic gold medal, took nearly all of them last week—and a lioness's share of the silvers and bronzes too. In fact, for a time the simplest way to keep tab on the women's medal count was to tally the ones the East Germans did not get. It was not until the fourth day that their domination was broken, and then not by the U.S. but by the Russians, who swept the 200-meter breaststroke. Through the first five days, Shirley Babashoff, who was the United States' one gold-medal hopeful, was kept to a respectable but disappointing harvest of two silvers—in the 200- and 400-meter freestyle. Canadians, Soviets, Dutch and Americans took eight other medals. That left the East Germans with the remaining seven golds, four silvers and two bronzes.

Four of the golds were won by East Germany's imposing (5 ft. 10 in., 155 lbs.) Kornelia Ender, who came into the Olympics holding four world records and by Saturday had set three new ones. When the East Germans suddenly emerged as a swimming superpower three years ago, disgruntled rivals speculated that gold-crazed East bloc coaches were giving their women swimmers male hormones and then subjecting them to a training so regimented that it turned them into aquatic automatons.

But at a warmup session last week, the East Germans laughed, smiled and swam their laps to the sounds of pop music that their coaches had insisted be piped into the pool. They looked for all the world like candidates for a California swim club—but their training is a lot tougher. With typical Marxist deter-

mination, East Germany has established a policy of scientific selection for finding swimmers; it is based partly on early assessment of a child's cardiovascular capacity and body type. Great emphasis is put on weight lifting to build strength. The average East German woman swimmer was 5 ft. 8 in. and 150 lbs., not that much larger than her U.S. counterparts but substantially more muscular. Their sexual identity, like that of all women competitors, had been officially confirmed by the Olympic "femininity control clinic" (a simple chromosome test that involves taking cells

from the inside of the cheek is used, but many women athletes still find the idea of such examinations offensive).

Ender, who started swimming at five and won three silver medals as a 13-year-old at Munich, has since turned in a score of world-record performances. Arguably the best woman swimmer of all time, she explodes from the starting block with such force that she is often 3 feet ahead of the field when heads break water. She dives shallow and planes high like a speedboat, with much of her body out of the water. Her motion is so efficient—though not stylish—that she is



Are the Olympics Dead?

A new and lamentable Olympic record was getting as much attention throughout the world last week as the feats of Nadia Comaneci: "Nations boycotting: 25." That grim statistic raised severe doubts about the future of the Games themselves. There was widespread resentment against Canada for kowtowing to Peking and thereby forcing 42 athletes from Taiwan to withdraw (TIME, July 26). There was both consternation and anger over an African walkout directed against New Zealand because it sent a rugby team to South Africa.

"A global wrath against the Canadian government is certain," wrote the *Frankfurter Allgemeine*. "In a confrontation between sports and politics, sports proved to be powerless." "Politics should not be an issue any more than religion," said Edward W. ("Moose") Krause, athletic director at Notre Dame. "This just makes me sick." Lord Killanin, head of the International Olympic Committee, was sick too: "Government interference is the most serious problem we face," he declared. "We're scared, and I, as president, have had my eye blackened."

Nowhere was the disappointment greater than in Africa, where popular

sentiment was strongly opposed to the political decision to withdraw the teams. A number of African athletes telephoned home to say they were considering forfeiting their citizenships and settling in the U.S. "I'm fed up with black politics," said a member of one team. "At the next Olympics I hope to be competing as an American." Added a coach: "If my boys wanted to play politics, they would run for Parliament. To wreck their sporting careers for petty political points is not only unfair—it is criminal." Lamented Tanzania's great Filbert Bayi, world record holder in the 1,500 meters: "Four years of hard work have been wasted."

The fact is that nationalism long has been an aspect of the Games, and deliberately so. Nor has this been as bad a thing as pundits often paint it, at least to the degree that nationalism equates with patriotism. Politics too has long been a part of the Games, without dealing them fatal harm.

The modern Games had hardly begun when the U.S. outraged the British by refusing to dip the flag to King Edward VII during the 1908 opening ceremonies in London. (Nor did the U.S.

able to set world records while taking substantially fewer strokes per minute than the women she leaves in her wake. After the Olympics, Ender may retire and next year begin pediatric studies at medical school. Says she: "Swimming is just my hobby."

One aspect of the swimming competition was not in the pool at all, but in the supremacy battle between the East German women and the U.S. men. By Saturday the U.S. men had swum nine events, won them all, and set world records in eight. John Naber, 20, the 6-ft. 6-in. paddlewheel of the American

contingent, had won three golds and a silver (and possibly one more gold ahead) With his red, white and blue knit cap cocked rakishly on his head, his gawky arms flailing greetings to the crowd and a slack-jawed grin permanently fixed on his rubbery face, he also won the amused affection of a worldwide audience. "I don't want to play the role of a clown," said the psychology major from the University of Southern California. "But I like to involve the audience with me. I enjoy it."

What turned out to be the most enjoyable day of Naber's swimming career

came within a split second of being the worst. On Monday he carelessly cruised through his morning heat in the 200-meter freestyle and wound up qualifying eighth, a risky 23 sec. away from elimination. That evening, in his long-anticipated 100-meter backstroke confrontation with East German Champion Roland Matthes, Naber stayed frozen to the starting block in what happily turned out to be a false start. At the real start he burst in front with his first three strokes, executed an explosive turn that nearly drowned the judges at poolside, and plunged home to smash

dip the flag to Queen Elizabeth II last week; she was not offended.) The Finns, then under the domination of Imperial Russia, sought the same year to emphasize their strivings for national identity by refusing to march under the Russian flag. Hitler tried to use the 1936 Berlin Games as a display of the supremacy of the Aryan race.

In the past there have also been walkouts and bannings: Italy and France pulled out of the fencing in the 1912 Stockholm Games after a dispute over the rules. In 1956 Egypt, Iraq and Lebanon did not compete because of the Suez crisis. In the 1920 Antwerp Games and the 1948 London Games, the loser nations from the world wars were barred. Following the Bolshevik Revolution, the Soviet Union stayed out of Olympic competition until the 1952 Helsinki Games. But never before have strictly pragmatic political considerations, as in the case of Canada v. Taiwan, been thrust upon the Games, and the consequences are explosive.

"We are victims of our own success," says Douglas Roby, a U.S. member of the IOC. "We have created the greatest forum in the world for political statements. What happens on our stage attracts more attention than what happens at the United Nations." Television, which estimates the audience for the Montreal Olympics at more than a billion, has been a major factor. Munich demonstrated fully the shock value of the Olympics as the stage for global drama. The Black September terrorists who attacked the Israeli team in the Olympic Village knew their act would command the world's attention as none other possibly could.

The precedent set by Canada in Montreal gives far too much power to politicians. Until now the IOC has held the exclusive right to determine which nations should participate; it has banned both South Africa and Rhodesia for practicing *apartheid* in the selection of their Olympic teams. Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau in effect annulled the IOC's power when, to placate Peking, he ordered that Taiwan could not compete under the name Republic of China. For

the first time, the host country was superseding the supranational IOC.

Similarly, the magnitude of the African boycott has placed the Games at the mercy of political blackmailers. The threat of some future withdrawal from the Olympics by a bloc of nations puts great pressure on the IOC—and now also on the host government—to exclude the object of the boycotters' wrath, especially if it is only one small country. The Montreal walkout in protest against New Zealand was, to say the least, highly selective, totally symbolic. For one thing, it was aimed at the presence in South Africa of a racially integrated New Zealand team playing a non-Olympic sport. For another, at least 25 other nations participating in this year's Olympics, including France and the United Kingdom, have also sent teams to compete in South Africa. An American gymnastics team is scheduled to go there this week.

The developments of the past fortnight are all the more alarming because the 1980 Olympics are scheduled for Moscow. Judging from Soviet newspa-

ETHIOPIAN ATHLETE PACKED FOR PULLOUT



pers last week, the bitter political legacy from Montreal could have profound—and potentially disastrous—effects on the Games in Moscow. Commenting on the Montreal events, Moscow's authoritative *Literary Gazette* wrote: "The Olympic Games are not just a major sports festival but are one of the fronts of fierce struggle between the supporters and opponents of international cooperation and mutual understanding." By supporters, the Soviets mean their allies and Third World nations; opponents are everybody else.

This attitude raises a number of gloomy questions. What if, for example, the Soviets decided to exclude a number of countries from participating? New Zealand might be barred from competition if the Soviets bowed to pressure from the Africans. Chile and South Korea are archvillains on the Soviet list.

The West Germans almost certainly face problems since their team includes members from West Berlin. The Soviets contend that West Berlin is an independent political entity and must have no ties with West Germany. And what about Israel? The Arabs claim that Israel is illegally occupying Palestinian soil. Would the Soviets invite a team from the P.L.O. and bar the Israelis? Even if only a small part of this scenario developed, what might be the U.S. response?

"The Olympics have become too politicized," says Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, who rejected an invitation to visit the Montreal Games because of the disputes. "They are supposed to be a sporting event for athletes. It is the responsibility of the International Olympic Committee to decide which athletes compete. The host country only provides the facilities and should have no say over the athletes' participation." The State Department considered pulling the U.S. team out of Montreal in protest over Canada's handling of the Taiwan issue. Said a high State Department official last week, the potential complexities of a Moscow Olympics obviously in mind: "One thing is certain, if politics is not removed—and quickly—the Olympic Games have no future."

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Fort Wayne, Ind., who led the U.S. to a three-medal sweep in the 100-meter butterfly; and Brian Goodell, the 17-year-old California high schooler who shattered world records in both the 400-meter and 1,500-meter freestyle.

Although the U.S. women's swimming team had to settle for silvers, the crowd at the Olympic Pool did get to savor one golden performance by an American girl. Jenni Chandler, a 17-year-old high schooler from Lincoln, Ala., won a gold medal for a nearly flawless performance in the three-meter springboard diving event. Because, in part, of one East German judge's chauvinistic preference for his countrywomen's diving, Chandler was the clear favorite of the crowd, which hissed loudly whenever she was given a low score. Through no fault of her own, she was the target of anti-American catcalling in the Pan-American Games held in Mexico City last year; she burst into tears at the boos, and still finished first. In Montreal, Chandler responded to the cheers with a remarkably consistent series of dives into the ink-dark pool (colored that way to help the divers judge the surface).

Throughout the week the spotlight was focused most intensely on the triumphs of East bloc women and U.S. men, but as always, there were other moments of glory, gallantry and gall.

► Gymnast Shun Fujimoto will return to Japan next week wearing an Olympic gold medal—and a hip-to-ankle cast to lock his broken right knee. He injured it during the floor exercises in last week's team competitions but decided to "forget about the pain" and perform on the rings, his strongest event. Finishing with a triple somersault and twist, the 26-year-old physical education teacher managed to keep his footing as he came down. "How he landed without collapsing is beyond my comprehension," said the doctor, Jean Paul Bedard, who examined Fujimoto afterward.

► For a few happy hours on Wednesday, Margaret Murdock, 33, of Topeka, Kans., the first woman U.S. shooting-team member to be in contention for the gold medal in the small-bore rifle event, thought that she had won the gold. Correction of a clerical error left her tied for first place with Teammate Larry Bassham. Then re-examination of the final targets gave Bassham, a 29-year-old Army captain from Texas, the gold. Bassham called the technicalities "arbitrary rubbish," and when the medals were awarded, he insisted that Murdock join him at the top.

► Russian Pentathlete Boris Onischenko was quietly whisked from his room at the Olympic Village one night last week and driven to the airport for a hasty departure from Montreal. Onischenko, a 1972 silver medalist who was the favorite for the gold, had been caught using an electronically rigged épée that scored touches even when no contact

had been made. Onischenko protested that the equipment he used was not his own, but that he had borrowed it.

The final week of the Montreal Olympics will inevitably add its quota of such human errata to the history of the Games. But the main text will be provided by the track and field athletes performing in the \$700 million concrete stadium that hovers over the Olympic Park like the fossil of some monstrous crustacean. And immediately the absence of Black Africa's runners was felt. In the first day of track heats, New Zealand's John Walker, the world's fastest miler, failed even to qualify for the 800-meter semi-finals. This was only a tune-up for the 1,500-meter race Walker runs this Saturday—an event that will not include Tanzania's record-holding Filbert Bayi—but the poor showing still was unexpected. "I wish Bayi were here," said Walker. "I lost my pacemaker."

Russia's Valery Borzov, 26, the defending champion in the 100 meters, had the opposite problem—plenty of pacemakers. After flirting with withdrawal, Jamaica decided to keep its engagement in Montreal, leaving Don Quarrie, a current world record holder, in the race. In, too, was Trinidad's Hasely Crawford, 25, who won the 100-yard dash for Eastern Michigan University in last year's NCAA Championships. And stalking Borzov most obviously was Harvey Glance, a 19-year-old freshman from Auburn University. Glance won Friday's heat with the day's fastest time (10:23), and beat Borzov in the semi-finals Saturday morning, but the finals were a different matter. Off the blocks first was Trinidad's Crawford, and there he stayed, fighting off Borzov midway, then Quarrie at the wire in 10:06. Borzov and Glance were third and fourth, as one of the Olympics' smallest countries ran off with a big gold.

The second week of women's events promised to bear a marked resemblance to the first. The East German women, holders of seven of the 14 records in track and field, took an immediate giant step forward when Angela Voigt, 25, won the long jump with a leap of 22 ft. ½ in. Right behind Voigt, and indeed, perhaps past her if she had not fouled on her last try, was high-flying Kathy McMillan, 18, of Raeferd, N.C. Not since 1968 at Mexico City had the U.S. women won a silver or gold. Saturday afternoon the East German lightning was hurled by Ruth Fuchs, 29, who dramatically speared the hopes of U.S. Champion Kathy Schmidt with an Olympic-record javelin throw of 216 ft. 4 in. Schmidt's best, 209 ft. 10 in., came on her last chance, and won the bronze.

Meanwhile, her work over and her medals packed, Nadia Comaneci, the solemn muse of the Games, could leave for a Black Sea vacation with little concern that the second week of the Olympics would produce a star to outshine her. One cannot expect perfection too often.

SILVER MEDALIST KATHY MCMILLAN
A great leap forward.

Matthes' four-year-old record of 56.19 sec. by 7 sec. "That's about the end of my swimming career," said Matthes; but he has a lot of poolside time in his future. His doting fiancée, who carefully handed her engagement ring to a judge before each race, is Golden Girl Ender.

Naber, however, was far from through. After beating Matthes, he retreated to a training room, turned off all the lights and mentally raced the 200-meter freestyle. Less than an hour later he was racing it in reality. This time he left the starting block punctually, but at the finish was 2 sec. off U.S.C. Teammate Bruce Furniss's world-record performance of 1:50.3. And Naber, too, had broken the record, by 2 sec.

Other American gold medalists included Mike Bruner, a 20-year-old Stanford University sophomore who shaved his head right down to his eyebrows to help himself win the 200-meter butterfly. John Hencken, a 22-year-old Stanford graduate who set two world records for the 100-meter breaststroke in two days. Matt Vogel, a 19-year-old from



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Carter's Mouth

Every so often, Jimmy Carter sifts through his mail and finds a tactfully worded testament to his inadequacy. The content may vary from a suggestion that he abandon his call for "a national statute" limiting abortion, to a few examples of jokes he might tell, given his not-so-breezy speaking style. These missives are unfailingly polite—and

wins in November, Powell will probably become one of the more powerful presidential press secretaries in decades.

That would be a dazzling rise for a man who entered politics a scant six years ago as a "gofer" (gofer coffee, gofer a newspaper, gofer the car). Raised on a farm in Vienna (pronounced Vyanna), Ga., 35 miles east of Plains, Joseph Lester Powell Jr. entered the Air Force Academy in 1961—and was expelled three years later for cheating on a history exam.

"You don't know what loneliness is," Powell says of his postexpulsion phase. He graduated from Georgia State University in 1966 and was midway through a Ph.D. in political science at Emory University in 1969 when he signed on as an unpaid helper for Jimmy Carter, then running for Governor. The gofer and the candidate became good friends as Powell chauffeured him to virtually every hamlet in the state. Since he was the only person traveling with Carter, Powell found himself functioning as press secretary and after Carter won stayed on in that job.

The new Governor's new month spent much of his time making sure reporters got Carter's record straight. His car tuned to a car radio, Powell would screech into the nearest gas station whenever Carter was maligned on some talk show and phone in an instant rebuttal. He could go too far. To a critic of Carter's stand on school busing, Powell wrote: "I respectfully suggest you take two running jumps and go straight to hell."

In the early months of Carter's quest for the presidency last year, Powell again was the only aide traveling with him, briefing reporters and still acting as gofer. Powell soon began to impress the national press corps with his

authoritative access to the candidate and his relentless energy. When *Harper's* last winter was about to depict Carter as a liar, Powell rushed out a 22-page response that did not convince all reporters but certainly reached most of them before their copy of *Harper's*.

Such industry would probably not sit well were it not for Powell's strategic use of humor. When a former Georgia Governor called a press conference to denounce Carter, Powell countered, "Being called a liar by Lester Maddox is like being called ugly by a frog." When

not home in Atlanta with his wife and nine-year-old daughter, Powell spends his free hours drinking (beer or bourbon) with reporters. Says Political Writer Richard Reeves: "Jody is genuinely good company. Carter is not."

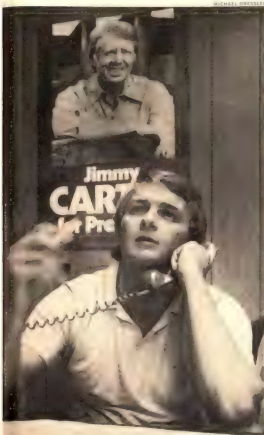
In the Know. Powell may be a good drinking companion, but he is a hell-skitter administrator. He sometimes neglects to return reporters' phone calls and, despite the support of 22 paid staffers in Atlanta, he is distressingly disorganized. "I get heartburn over the way he operates," complains one campaign plane regular. Powell was also criticized for being so involved in important Carter decisions during the convention that he was not available to reporters. "The person who handles the press ought to be someone who knows what is going on," he explains. "That means he cannot always be with the press."

Whether Powell's dual role as adviser and spokesman will be playable in Washington is a question. Yet many reporters say they would prefer him to the incumbent, Ron Nessen. And even Powell's critics are pleased at his ability to be frank with Carter, whom other aides revere as being above criticism. Listening to Carter promise a crowd that his staff would not exercise power arrogantly as Richard Nixon's, Powell scoffed, "He just lost my vote." But then no man is a hero to his gofer.

City Room Green Stamps

Journalism has long demanded a wide array of skills: interviewing, spelling, bluffing, sleuthing, reading documents upside down on someone else's desk. The *Detroit News* has added something new to the list: selling papers. For every 13-week subscription a staffer can peddle, the *News* announced last week, he or she will earn two points toward a catalogue full of gifts, from a Rubbermaid bird feeder (six points) to a digital watch (100 points).

That huckstering innovation is part of a drive by the evening *News* to halt its steady loss of readers to the morning *Free Press* (daily circulation up 22% in ten years to 622,339, only 5,122 behind the *News*). Last month the *News* roused its reporters' wrath with an internal memo announcing that the "product" would henceforth stress stories about "Detroit and its horrors that are discussed at suburban cocktail parties." The subscription drive has met with similar hostility. Complained a Newspaper Guild officer: "That's just not our role. The obvious answer to the circulation problem is to put out a better newspaper and cut out the garbage like that memo." Countered Managing Editor Burdett Stoddard: "My daughters thought it was a good idea. They're trying to get something for their room."



JODY POWELL, THE CANDIDATE'S PRESS AIDE
Like being called ugly by a frog.

Carter almost always obeys them. The author Press Secretary Jody Powell, probably the only person on Carter's payroll who can regularly get away with pointing out the candidate's failings.

Except for Campaign Manager Hamilton Jordan, none of the candidate's 250 full-time staff members has served longer or is paid more (\$22,000) than sandy-haired, chain-smoking Powell, 32. He is also closer to the candidate than even Jordan. "Jody probably knows me better than anyone except my wife," Carter has said. If the candidate



JIMMY CARTER AT "21" WITH HENRY FORD (SECOND FROM LEFT), OTHER EXECUTIVES. THE PAINTING IS SPIRIT OF "21"

POLICY

Warming Up to Jimmy

Four years ago, the very name McGovern sent shudders through the American business community and drove executives almost unanimously into the Nixon camp. Now, the name of Jimmy Carter is stirring a totally different reaction. This early in the campaign, Carter already is picking up a few business votes—including that of Henry Ford II, chairman of Ford Motor—and has got most businessmen at least to regard him without animosity. Says Seattle Investment Banker Robert Block: "People no longer seem to equate Democrats with doomsday."

More than anything else, it is Carter's personality and style that cause businessmen to warm to him as they rarely do to a Democrat. "Nobody knows what a President is going to do," says John Bunting, chairman of Philadelphia's First Pennsylvania Bank and an early Carter fund raiser, though he is an independent. "You are always betting on the person." United Air Lines Chairman Edward Carlson, long a fan of President Ford's, finds Carter a "pretty impressive individual" because of the management talents displayed by his long climb from obscurity to the nomination. Des Moines Department Store Executive Charles Dutchin thinks Carter "is going to lead rather than be led."

Carter scores best with those businessmen who meet him face to face. Last week three Carter supporters—Henry Ford, who does not identify himself with either party, and Democrats Edgar Bronfman, chairman of Seagram Co., and J. Paul Austin, chairman of Coca-Cola—threw a meet-Jimmy lunch at Manhattan's "21" Club and invited 49

of their colleagues. Carter assured the assembled executives that he favors "a minimum of interference of the Federal Government in free enterprise," and stressed his receptivity to criticism and advice. He also said he "would not do anything to minimize" the investment activities of multinational corporations. "I think I could feel comfortable with him," said David Mahoney, chairman of Norton Simon, after the lunch. "And for an avowed Republican, that's progress." Lehman Bros. Chairman Peter Petersen, who was briefly a member of the Nixon Cabinet, and Pan American Chief Executive William Seawell, also a Republican, were among other guests who found Carter impressive.

Waiting and Weighing. One big reason for Carter's acceptability to many businessmen is his success in resisting political pigeonholing. Allied Chemical Chairman (and former Commerce Secretary) John Connor, an early Carterite, finds the Georgian "somewhat on the liberal side. I think we need a liberal President to work with the Democratic Congress." Says Bell & Howell Chairman Donald Frey, a Republican: "I have a gut feeling that Carter is fundamentally conservative."

Precisely this protean quality, however, causes many businessmen to take a wait-and-see position. Says Philip Bogue, president of the Portland (Ore.) Chamber of Commerce and a Republican: "I think there is a more positive attitude here that businessmen could live with a Democrat in the White House—assuming Carter clarifies some of his positions."

Actually, Carter has been about as specific on economic issues as presidential candidates usually get (TIME, June 28). What businessmen who fault him for vagueness may really mean is that, though they like him personally, his

views are liberal enough to make them uneasy. Most important, Carter has made it clear that his top priority would be reducing unemployment, primarily through Government stimulation of the economy. That stress wins approval from some executives, prominently including Bronfman, who believe that the Ford Administration has been lackadaisical in accepting high unemployment. But Carter's position worries other executives, who fear that the Democratic nominee is not sufficiently alert to the danger that an all-out drive to cut joblessness could spark runaway inflation.

Executives are also uneasy about Carter's pledges to embark on ambitious—and expensive—social programs like national health insurance. Carter stressed at his lunch with businessmen last week that he would take at least a year after he enters the White House to fill in the details of his promise to overhaul the nation's tax code. Still, some executives cannot suppress the feeling that he intends to place too big a burden on corporations and rich individuals. Such tax policies, says Richard D. Hill, chairman of the First National Bank of Boston, "mean discouraging investment."

Some businessmen see Carter's choice of a running mate as a sign of depressing liberalism. "Mondale strongly defuses my interest in Carter," says Robert A. Charpie, president of Boston's Cabot Corp., an investment house. Republican Dillard Munford, head of an Atlanta retailing conglomerate, regards Mondale as a "captive of the unions."

Still, most businessmen are giving Carter the benefit of the doubt for now. On Wall Street, for example, Carter is seen as the least threatening Democrat in years. Says Gary Helms, portfolio strategist for L.F. Rothschild & Co.: "I think the plants are out there burping, and I don't think Carter in his first hundred days will do anything to change that." Many businessmen agree and look forward to a Carter-Ford race as an almost ideal choice between candidates, either of whom would be acceptable.

*Reporters lunching downstairs invited Faye West, proprietress of Faye's B-B-Q Villa, a restaurant in Americas Gas, where the Carter family frequently dines. Mrs. West found 21's food good but the prices "just outrageous."

Reagan's Stand: No Compromise

Though Ronald Reagan's chances of winning the Republican nomination are dimming, his campaign has had an impact on the nation's economic policy. The Californian has given exceptionally forceful voice to a persistent strain of Republican thought—and put unremitting pressure on President Ford to follow a rigidly conservative line. Reagan's followers will undoubtedly keep up that pressure throughout the campaign, if Ford carries the Republican banner. And if Ford defies the odds and walks off with the nomination, the nation will hear a set of economic views that have rarely been voiced with such rigor.

Indeed, a problem confronting any still uncommitted delegate is guessing whether Reagan would be as unbending in the White House as he has been in his campaign pronouncements. If Reagan moderated his line a bit, there would be little ground for an economic-policy choice between him and Ford. Both give high priority to fighting inflation, and would combat it primarily by holding down federal spending. Both pledge to reduce the Government's role in economic life.

But Ford has compromised in seeking his economic goals, and Reagan's rhetoric admits of no compromise. In early 1975, for example, Ford accepted

a swelling budget deficit as the price of ending the nation's worst postwar recession. In Reagan's view, budget deficits are something close to the root of all economic evil. Again, Ford last December reluctantly signed a bill that cut oil prices immediately and continued controls for seven years, though they will gradually be lifted. Reagan has never ceased to excoriate Ford for that act. In his view, all controls should have been ended immediately.

Certitudes Unlimited. In Reagan's mind, inflation is the great economic enemy, and the cause of most other ills. Says Reagan, with breathtaking assurance: "Inflation is the cause of recession, and the only cause." And what brings about inflation? "The one basic cause of inflation is Government spending more than it takes in."

So, proclaims Reagan, "the cure is a balanced budget." He argues that the Government should set a specific timetable for bringing spending into line with revenues and stick to it come what may. He implies that he would even accept a renewed recession as the price of carrying out that policy. Says Reagan: "In correcting inflation, I'm afraid there will temporarily be economic dislocation."

Reagan would also go much further than Ford in trying to cut down the Fed-



MARTIN ANDERSON, ECONOMIC ADVISER TO REAGAN



A Deceleration About as Expected

Government figures last week confirmed that the 15-month-old economic recovery slowed somewhat during the second quarter. The loss of momentum was no greater than expected, and there are signs that the second half of the year may bring a new acceleration.

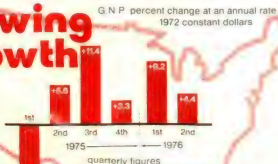
Real gross national product, the nation's total output of goods and services discounted for inflation, grew during the second three months of 1976 at an annual rate of 4.4%—less than half the first quarter's annualized rise of 9.2%. Reagan's first quarter got a lift from a switch by businessmen to restocking inventories they had sold off toward the end of 1975; that was not repeated. But "final sales"—sales of products that do not go into inventories—rose at an annual rate of 4.7%, 1% more than in the first quarter. Orders for durable goods gained 1.4% in June, less than in May but still a healthy climb. That, economists say, means the G.N.P. pace should pick up in the current quarter.

Inflation, meanwhile, continues to

moderate. Consumer prices rose at an annual rate of 6.2% during June—slightly less than in May, though more than the average for the past three months. Most of the rise was accounted for by higher prices for food and fuel. That was anticipated; those prices actually dropped during the first quarter, a trend that could not continue. The current rise in food prices is expected to moderate. Excluding food and fuel, the Consumer Price Index rose at an annual rate of only 5.5% in the second quarter, an improvement over the first quarter's 7.7%.

Although the growth of personal income also slowed during June, partly as a result of the rubber workers' strike, the new numbers did not shake the Ford Administration's cheery view of the recovery. During the course of its midyear budget review, the Administration made official its widely reported new estimates for the year. Key predictions: real G.N.P. for all 1976 will go up 6.8%; prices in December will be only 5.3% higher than in December 1975, and unemployment may drop below 7% by year's end (it rose slightly in June, to 7.5%). All these figures are considerably more optimistic than the Administration's original forecasts, made in January.

Slowing Growth



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

eral Government's size and power. His major proposal is his celebrated plan to turn over to state and local governments all federal activities in education, housing, community and regional development, manpower training and welfare. That would remove from the federal budget programs that now account for spending of around \$90 billion a year. Though Reagan has not stressed that plan lately, he has never disavowed it; his aides insist that it has been misunderstood. The impression got around that Reagan would simply dump those programs on states and cities, which would have to raise taxes sharply to pay for them. Actually, Reagan would earmark a portion of the federal income tax collected in each state and locality to be kept there to finance the activities dropped by Washington.

In formulating his economic policies, Reagan has relied heavily on the advice of Martin Anderson, who took a leave from his post as senior fellow at Stanford University's Hoover Institu-

tion to join Reagan's campaign full time at the start of the year (after the \$90 billion proposal had been made). Anderson, who will turn 40 next week, served as the personal deputy of Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, when Burns was a White House Counsellor to President Nixon. Reagan has also consulted some well-known economists, including Hendrik Houthakker of Harvard, a former member of the Council of Economic Advisers, and Murray Weidenbaum of Washington University, a member of the TIME Board of Economists.

Shaky Grasp. Despite the quality of his advice, there is reason to doubt Reagan's grasp of economic complexities. Some of his statements are extreme—and not only on the budget. On energy policy, he says: "We need to begin pumping every barrel of domestic oil we can get our hands on, begin using our vast coal reserves with both intelligence and innovation, and begin shifting our sights to the one sure source that will

carry us through the next decades—nuclear energy." Those views are worth serious attention, but Reagan goes on to say that if all that is done, the U.S. "could surpass the Middle East as the world's chief exporter of energy." Given the fact that proven oil reserves in Saudi Arabia alone are 4.5 times those in the U.S., that statement is a flight of pure fancy.

Critics often point out that during Reagan's eight years as Governor of California, state spending more than doubled, to \$10.2 billion. Reagan replies, correctly, that he nonetheless turned a looming deficit into a sizable budget surplus (the went along with huge tax increases in order to do so). On the national scene, he claims credit for having pushed Ford into some positions more conservative than the President wanted to take. For better or worse, Reagan has struck a responsive chord in Republican thinking that may not win him the nomination, but that will still be a force to reckon with if he loses.

MONEY

The Great Gold Bust

To hoarders and speculators, gold lately has had about as much luster as a rusty tin can. In the 19 months since gold purchases became legal for U.S. citizens, the price has fallen more than 40% from its peak of \$198 an ounce. In three chaotic days of trading last week, gold fell \$14 on the London market, reaching a 31-month low of \$105.50 an ounce. Though the price recovered to \$111 by week's end, that is still a dismal figure for goldbugs, who not long ago were forecasting prices of \$300 or more.

What has taken the glitter off gold so suddenly? One major factor is that the U.S. has been relatively successful in its campaign to remove gold from the

international monetary system. Last year the U.S. persuaded other countries, including a reluctant France, that the International Monetary Fund should auction off one-sixth of its gold hoard, or 25 million ounces. Meanwhile, the economic conditions that triggered the gold boom of 1973-74 have largely disappeared. The dollar is steady, world inflation rates have come down and the general panic set off by the oil crisis has abated. All those trends reduce the distrust of paper money that moves many speculators to put their funds in gold.

Thus, when the IMF held the second in its series of gold auctions two weeks ago, it got a mere \$122.05 an

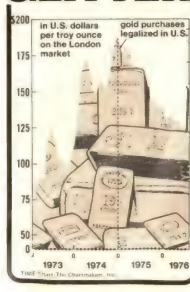
ounce. Two days later, the London price dropped below \$120—a point at which traders thought government banks would start buying gold to prop up the price and protect the value of their own stocks. But the central banks stayed out of the market, and when it became obvious that they would not support the price, panic selling hit.

The gold bust is bad news for developing countries. The IMF puts the profits from its gold auctions into a special trust fund to aid poorer nations; now the trust fund will be leaner than expected. The price collapse also poses problems for countries like France, Italy and Portugal, which hold a large por-

DRILLING FOR GOLD UNDERGROUND IN A SOUTH AFRICAN MINE



LOST GLITTER



portion of their monetary reserves in gold.* It is even embarrassing to West Germany, which two years ago lent \$2 billion to Italy against gold collateral—valued at what then seemed a ridiculously low \$120 an ounce.

South Africa, the world's largest gold producer, is being hurt most. The price drop will cost it at least \$200 million in potential export earnings this year, worsening an already serious balance of payments deficit (running at about \$1.9 billion on current account this year). Last week South Africa moved to cut imports, beginning Aug. 2, the government will require importers to deposit 20% of the price of certain foreign goods with the treasury for six months, at no interest. The unemployment rate among the nation's black workers has already hit 20%; layoffs at the gold mines—which for the moment are maintaining employment—would make it even worse. The joblessness could intensify South Africa's explosive racial unrest.

Vicious Circle. The Soviet Union, the second largest gold producer, is feeling the price drop too. The Soviets depend on gold sales to get hard currency needed to buy U.S. grain and other imports. Consolidated Gold Fields Ltd., a London-headquartered mining company, predicts that the Soviets this year will have to put 10 million ounces of gold on the market—twice last year's sales. Those heavy offerings will tend to push the price down further, and possibly put the Soviets in a vicious circle: the lower the price goes, the more gold they have to sell to pay for imports, and the more they sell, the lower still they depress the price.

CORPORATIONS

Mean, Tough S.O.B.s

Like apprehensive stragglers from the Japanese army who thought World War II was still going on long after it was over, Wall Street traders are super-sensitive these days about anything resembling the click of a rifle bolt. Take the case of E.I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., the nation's largest chemical producer. Four weeks ago, Du Pont announced that it would report profits for the second quarter slightly lower than those earned in the first three months of the year. Nervous investors took that as an indication that the recovery of the chemical industry had hit a snag, and sold not only Du Pont but the stocks of other chemical companies. In a week or two chemical issues dropped an average of 15%.

Then, last week, Du Pont issued its report—and it became evident that Wall Street had been looking at the wrong



INSPECTING ROLLS OF NYLON IN GEORGIA



CHAIRMAN IRVING S. SHAPIRO
A farewell to smugness.

comparison. Sure enough, second-quarter profits, at \$128 million, were 7% below the first quarter—but they were more than five times greater than a year earlier. Some analysts are now estimating that Du Pont's profits for all 1976 will almost double, to about \$11 on each share of common stock, and then rise another 50% or so in 1977, to \$17.

Quarter-to-quarter wobbles aside, it seems obvious that Du Pont has finally broken out of a decade in which its sales more than doubled—to \$7.3 billion in 1975—but earnings rose hardly at all. One reason is that the recovery is increasing demand for Du Pont's famous products, nylon, Dacron, Lucite, Freon, Teflon and thousands of others. Another reason is the policy of Irving S. Shapiro, who became chairman in 1973.

Shapiro took over a company that had been family managed since the days when it sold gunpowder to Thomas Jefferson and, in the new chairman's view, had been made complacent by its long record of innovations (the most famous: the invention of nylon by Du Pont Scientist Wallace Carothers in the 1930s). Says Shapiro: "There was a smugness, a feeling that we're just a little better than anyone else. It took some bitter experience to cleanse the system."

The bitter experience came with the recession Sales of synthetic textile fibers, which account for more than a third of Du Pont's volume, soared well

into the recession year of 1974, spurred by a shortage mentality created by the Arab oil embargo. A Du Pont joke at the time was that if this is what recessions are like, bring on more. But then the buying stopped, and Du Pont and other manufacturers realized that they had built heavy overcapacity and were vulnerable to sharp price cutting. Result: Du Pont's earnings fell 33% in 1975. This problem has not yet been solved; though synthetic fiber sales rose sharply in the first quarter of 1976, the gain flattened out in the second quarter, and price cutting is still going on.

Securing Supplies. Shapiro restricted research and development spending, concentrating on coming out with few products annually (half a dozen v. 251 and marketing them more heavily). A Du Pont trade show in Manhattan last week displayed numerous ways that manufacturers could use polyester fibers other than in conventional double-knit materials, which appear to be falling out of favor with consumers who have shifted back to cotton and wool. Shapiro has also moved to assure that Du Pont, a major seller of raw materials, has adequate supplies for its own operations. The company has entered into a venture with ARCO to build a \$1 billion chemical refinery in Texas. Du Pont and National Distillers & Chemical Corp. also plan to build a \$100 million methanol plant.

Perhaps more to the point, Du Pont's department managers are being leaned on to produce profits. The near autonomy of yesteryear has been abolished through ever increasing central control. Says Shapiro: "No question, we're mean, tough s.o.b.s." The result: the giant of the Brandywine is paying less attention to laurels and more to cold cash.

*The French have another monetary worry since July 1: the franc has dropped 3.8% against the dollar. Reasons: the current drought will reduce agricultural exports, and French inflation at 11% remains high.

Big Deal for Lockheed

It took more than three years of negotiations and, finally, a contractual stipulation that there had been "no bribery offered to a Canadian government official in connection with this program." With that disclaimer, Lockheed Aircraft Corp. and Canadian officials last week signed, on the second try, a \$697 million deal under which Canada will buy 18 Orion-type planes for North Atlantic patrol and antisubmarine warfare. The sale is the biggest ever made in export markets by the floundering American manufacturer, and provides a badly needed boost to Lockheed's order book and its morale. For Canada, it is the first step in an overdue effort to strengthen its military contribution to NATO.

The new contract is a compromise version of one that was aborted last May. Lockheed failed then to meet Canada's requirement that it come up with \$375 million to finance initial tooling costs in Canada. Now, with a Saudi order for three TriStar jets also in hand, Lockheed has managed to borrow the \$50 million needed to cover reduced start-up costs. The Canadian government accepted a later delivery schedule (the first plane will arrive in May 1980) and less instrumentation on board the aircraft, which in Canada will be called the Aurora. Lockheed also agreed to place with Canadian firms \$414.6 million in subcontracting work (not all of it connected with the Aurora) and to transfer to Canada the production of \$168 million worth of components for other Lockheed customers.

The deal was once considered crucial to Lockheed's survival, in the dark days when the bribery scandals were causing foreign buyers to shy away from the company. A refinancing of Lockheed's debt and substantial orders from elsewhere have lessened the urgency, but the contract still is needed proof that overseas markets are open to the aerospace giant.

ENERGY

Atomic Dilemma

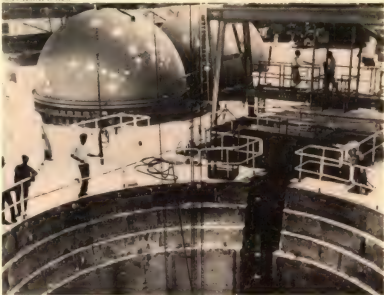
Should the U.S. freely sell peaceful nuclear technology abroad? The question is so important that it is being more and more debated at the highest levels of the Federal Government. On the one hand, the nation's overseas sales of atomic power plants, equipment and services swell U.S. export earnings by a cool \$1.5 billion a year. On the other, the proliferation of nuclear reactors can also lead to the spread of nuclear weapons—meaning atom bombs.

Last week the Federal Nuclear Regulatory Commission opened the debate to the public for the first time. Its concern was anything but academic, since it has to decide whether to approve a li-

cense to export 12,261 kg. of Government-owned enriched uranium to fuel a reactor in India. In 1974 Indian scientists used fissionable materials, taken from a Canadian reactor, to build what they called a "peaceful nuclear device." After the bomb was exploded, Canada shut off nuclear aid to India. To keep the U.S. from following suit, the Indian government pledged to use American materials exclusively in its civilian reactors. The Natural Resources Defense Council, a U.S. environmental-law group, worried nonetheless about India's capacity to create more A-bombs and asked the NRC to stop the uranium sale. In response, the NRC's commissioners decided to hold two days of hearings in Washington.

The debate was often blunt. Herbert

WATER SERVICE IN INDIA



OPERATING FLOOR OF NUCLEAR POWER STATION IN TARAPUR, INDIA

The issue is whether atoms for peace will lead to more atomic bombs.

Scoville Jr., a former assistant director of the Federal Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, testified: "To continue to guarantee the supply of nuclear fuel to a nation that has demonstrated its intention to acquire nuclear weapons is to send the wrong signal to the rest of the world." He and other opponents of the sale want the U.S. to use enriched uranium—the nation is still the world's largest supplier—to demand concessions. As one condition of sale, for example, India might be required to sign the nonproliferation treaty of 1968.

Reliable Supplier. Unfortunately, the issue is not so simple, said Myron B. Kratz, a Deputy Assistant Secretary of State. If the U.S. withholds the uranium, India could buy fuel elsewhere—probably from the U.S.S.R. The Indians might then also refuse to allow international inspectors to monitor their reactors. That would remove the only existing outside control over India's nuclear activities. Therefore, Kratz con-

tinued, the U.S.'s best position involves a paradox. The nation can watch over the proliferation of atomic weapons only if it remains actively engaged as a reliable supplier of peaceful nuclear needs.

Aggressive Competitors. Commercial pressures complicate the situation even further. Right now, 45 nations have announced plans to build 257 nuclear power plants in order to reduce their dependence on Middle Eastern oil. At the same time, the U.S.'s share of an expanding world nuclear market has fallen from 85% in 1972 to 40% today. Federal policymakers' concerns about proliferation problems have not helped. While U.S. agencies have held up American companies' reactor sales abroad, other competitors have moved aggressively. Just last June, a French consor-

tium won a \$1 billion contract to build two reactors in South Africa. West Germany earlier this year captured a \$5 billion nuclear job in Brazil and another worth \$7 billion in Iran. Between now and 2000, some experts predict, nuclear contracts worth a staggering \$120 billion will be up for grabs.

India's case thus points up the confusions in the U.S.'s nuclear policy, confusions that the NRC cannot resolve alone. The commission will probably approve the uranium sale—on the condition that India sends the fuel's "ashes" back to the U.S. after it has been used. That would remove the temptation to transmute the spent uranium into bomb-quality material. But it would also have the unpleasant effect of making the U.S. responsible for India's radioactive wastes. Nor would such a decision establish the guidelines that are sorely needed on which nations, and under what circumstances, the U.S. and its companies should sell reactors and fuel.

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Killing Laughter

"There seems to be no lengths to which humorless people will not go to analyze humor," said Robert Benchley. If the 180 behavioral scientists who last week attended the world's first International Symposium on Humor at the University of Wales had listened closely, they might have heard a sigh from Benchley's grave. **TIM** London Correspondent Christopher Byron attended the three-day meeting and sent this report.

Sociologist Gary Fine of the University of Minnesota set the tone with his lecture "Humor in situ: the Role of Humor in Small-Group Cultures." As he

of nursery-school children. Among its findings: playfulness decreases when kids are made to stand still.

Without a doubt, the U.S. delegates were the top bananas of the conference. Professor Jennings Bryant of the University of Massachusetts tried to explain why the victim of a joke does not usually laugh unless he can think of a half-way witty comeback ("Degrees of Hostility in Squelches Featuring Retaliatory Equity as a Factor in Humor Appreciation"). Paul McGhee of Fels Research Institute, Yellow Springs, Ohio, read an almost incomprehensible dissertation, "Phylogenetic and Ontogenetic Considerations for a Theory of the Origins of Humor," referring to "intrahumans."

Psychiatrist William Fry, who several years ago developed a theory that laughing is physically harmful and can actually kill you. That might still be a better fate than sitting through an academic conference on humor.

Abstemious Dani

They do not make love during the first two years of marriage, and they abstain completely for four to six years after the birth of a child. Premarital and extramarital sex are virtually unknown, and there is apparently no homosexuality or other sexual outlet. What is more, no one seems to show any signs of unhappiness or stress.

Superhumans? Subhumans? Figures of a science-fiction writer's imagination? In fact, the Dani are living quite nicely, thank you, in the Grand Valley of West Irian (formerly West New Guinea), where they were studied for 2½ years by Karl Heider, an anthropologist from the University of South Carolina. Heider, who has taught at Harvard, Brown and Stanford, describes the abstemious sexual behavior of the 5,000-member tribe in the current issue of *Man*, the journal of Britain's Royal Anthropological Institute. He reports finding no strong sanctions against sexual activity or any other ready explanation for the undernourished libidos of the Dani. Under questioning, tribesmen said violation of the post partum abstinence would cause trouble with the tribe's ghosts. Yet the Dani are notably blasé about their ghosts, and Heider concludes that their observance of this supernatural sanction "must be understood as fairly casual, *pro forma*."

Raising Pigs. The Dani simply do not seem to have much drive, sexual or otherwise. There are few intense emotions, little artistic achievement and few fights. Instead of expressing anger, a Dani tribesman usually moves away from an offending situation. Wars, according to Heider, have the emotional content of deer hunts in America. The warriors chat for a long while, fight for an hour, then fall back for more conversation. Revenge and anger rarely play a role—the Dani simply want to placate their ghosts and end the fighting as quickly as possible. Their only real interest seems to be in raising pigs and growing yams.

Heider has no idea why the Dani energy level is so low. The tribe seems to have a low infant-mortality rate, an adequate diet and no serious diseases. While a hidden genetic or biological factor may be responsible, Heider prefers to believe the Dani "low-energy system" is simply cultural. If so, Western theories about the innate power of the sexual drive—mostly derived from Freud—may need some adjustment.



AMERICAN ACADEMICS ENJOYING INTERNATIONAL HUMOR AND LAUGHTER CONFERENCE
Drowning in jargon at "a very meaningful humor-making session."

finished, an American psychologist solemnly asked, "Do you have any observations on the possibility that certain persons are inherently teaseworthy?" Fine confidently responded, "No. I believe the matter is entirely situational, teasewise."

Jargonwise, the conference was a regular lull riot. Toronto Teacher John Atkin proposed establishing "designed, unfunctional anxiety-release centers in a community situation." Translation: maybe it would be a good idea to have a string of government-supported laugh parlors, where people could go to chuckle. A group of Canadian researchers reported on "Ethnic Humor as a Function of Social-Normative Incongruity on the Basis of Multiple Dependent Variables." The report questioned whether Chinese immigrants found Canadians funny, but reached no firm conclusions. Another paper analyzed "Glee Rates"

"arousal fluctuations" and "stimulus discrepancies." His conclusion: if you can't think, you won't get the joke.

On the second night, all 180 delegates gathered to hear Liverpool Nightclub Comedian Ken Dodd get off a few dreadful one-liners (sample: "The Russians are jealous of the British because the Soviets never win any bronze medals"). The delegates laughed politely and the next morning repeated the jokes to one another. Observed a woman from New York City: "We had a very meaningful humor-making session."

Little League Jokes. Professor Fine—whose current work involves analyzing the jokes of a Minnesota Little League team—is anxious to discover why people laugh. "When we learn that, we will be able to use humorous material as a tool," Fine believes most people laugh as much as 1,000 times a day. If so, the news should alarm California

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EASTWOOD IN JOSEY WALES

Classic Heroism

THE OUTLAW JOSEY WALES
Directed by CLINT EASTWOOD
Screenplay by PHIL KAUFMAN and
SONIA CHERNIUS

Josey Wales' situation is a classic one for a western hero. A peaceable border-state farmer in the days before the Civil War, he is attacked by Northern guerrillas. His farm is burned out, his wife and child killed. That causes him to join some Southern guerrillas and fight vengefully through the war. Then he sees his comrades—his new family—massacred by the Union soldiers who tricked them into surrendering. That converts him into a bit of unfinished business for the victors, and he must flee deeper into the Western wilderness in order to escape their relentless pursuit.

Killing Skills. One knows the conventions of this sort of thing, how Josey will show himself on every possible occasion to be a man of honor and gallantry, despite his beard and his rough clothes, how his killing skills will always be placed at the disposal of other outcasts and unfortunates he meets along the way; how finally he will dispose of his enemies and, in the end, find a good life similar to the one he was enjoying before evil descended on him.

One man's classicism, however, is another man's cliché. It may be that audiences will no longer respond to so familiar a tale and, truth to tell, the trail that Clint Eastwood's Josey follows is a very long one, with a fair amount of dull slogging along the way. On the other hand, the film has its pleasures as well. For example, and not a moment too soon, Josey allies himself with Chief Dan

George, playing a wise and humorous old Indian, much the way he did in *Little Big Man*. Then, too, Eastwood as a director manages his action sequences in a no-nonsense manner. He gets to the heart of the matter briskly, orchestrates his confrontations intelligently and gets off without lingering unduly over the resultant ugliness.

This directorial style seems to spring naturally from the man, assuming that Eastwood's screen character, in its mature, or post-spaghetti, formulation is a true reflection of his sensibility. The flat, quiet voice, the understated grace of his movements, the sweet almost boyish manner, contrasting so curiously with the violent deeds he performs, have a remarkable way of gaining sympathetic interest not so much through command as through insinuation. In a western, where spacious landscapes and historical distance seem to soften the impact of his brutal methods of problem solving, Eastwood is not simply a symbol of the modern taste for random and gratuitous bloodletting in films. Rather, he reminds us of a traditional American style of screen heroism—a moral man slow to rile but wonderfully skilled when he must finally enforce his conception of right and wrong. In these moments, he links us pleasingly, satisfyingly with our movie pasts, rekindles briefly a dying glow.

Richard Schickel

Infield Hit

THE BINGO LONG TRAVELING ALL-STARS AND
MOTOR KINGS

Directed by JOHN BADHAM
Screenplay by HAL BARWOOD and
MATTHEW ROBBINS

This is a friendly, no-account movie full of intermittent high spirits. Although it never fulfills the richest possibilities in the raffish misadventures of a barnstorming black baseball team of the 1930s, it does come close from time to time.

The screenplay by Hal Barwood and Matthew Robbins is full of prime ideas and opportunities, like a sequence in which the newly formed All-Stars learn how to parade into a small Midwestern town. First they Tom it up, as if auditioning for a minstrel show, then the team starts strutting with a fine, brassy pride, sweeping the local citizenry along. Handled right, that scene could have had the jazzy fervor of a jam session at high noon. Director John Badham, however, seems mostly concerned with producing the kind of fancy optical effects that used to punctuate Busby Berkeley routines.

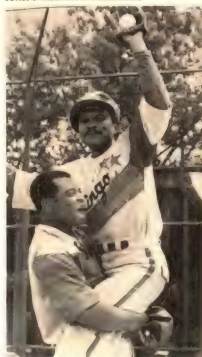
Aside from the insouciance of the story, the pleasures of *Bingo Long* can be attributed mainly to some ingratiating lead performances. Billy Dee Wil-

liams, an actor of impermeable charm, plays Bingo, a veteran pitcher for the Negro National League who figures the time has come to stand up against the gangsterism of the club owners. He puts together his own club, with some of the league's best talent and with the help of a heavy-hitting catcher named Leon Carter (James Earl Jones). An actor with the kind of power that can easily turn to bluster, Jones here is at his best; he makes Leon appropriately larger than life without ever letting him become a sports-page cartoon.

Shut Out. *Bingo* is composed mostly of sketches showing the All-Stars trying to make a go of independence and then trying to break back into the league from which they have been summarily shut out by the owners. For social significance, the movie includes a player who functions as a sort of Jackie Robinson surrogate. For contrast there is Richard Pryor, an actor-comedian of breathtaking brilliance. Pryor calculates every line and gesture for small, explosive effect, and his aim stays true. He shows up here as Charlie Snow, a third baseman who hopes to break into big-league ball by passing himself off as a Cuban. Snow's Spanish accent is dismal, so he spends his idle moments attempting to figure out his batting average. He struggles with an intractable decimal point, tries dividing times at bat by number of pitches missed, then multiplying the hits. As Pryor plays him, Charlie is a fellow of wit and resource, and his struggle with these impossible calculations is, much like his whole life, a slowly losing battle against absurdity.

Jay Cocks


JONES & WILLIAMS IN BINGO LONG



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In her brown slacks and worn sneakers she looks like a gym instructor. The 170 people gathered before her rise and begin stretching. Then they start rubbing and kneading one another's necks and shoulders. As it turns out, the main thing on their minds is not physical fitness but singing. The woman signals with her right hand. Out comes a huge roar: "Ming... mo!" A pause, another signal: "Ming mong!" And so it goes, now higher in pitch, now lower: "Ming mang," "May me may," "Me mo me."

That was Choral Director Margaret Hillis, 54, warming up the Chicago Symphony Chorus before putting the final rehearsal polish on Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*. The *Ninth* is one of her specialties, but at this summer's Ravinia Festival, she has been conducting all manner of choral works—Berlioz's *The Damnation of Faust*, Schoenberg's *Gurre-Lieder*, and this past weekend a potpourri of Lerner and Loewe. Although Hillis is also music director of the nearby Elgin Symphony Orchestra, her principal job is to ready her chorus for other maestros. She founded her group 19 years ago at Fritz Reiner's invitation. Today the Hillis sound—vibrant, precise, enormous—has become an indispensable element of the famed Solti sound, notably at events like Sir Georg's luminous concert version of Wagner's *The Flying Dutchman*. Says Solti: "Working with her and that chorus is one of the major joys of my life."

Ideally, Hillis would like a chorus

of Kirsten Flagstad. Says she: "I still have the sound of Flagstad in my ear. Her pianissimo was right out of the rafters. When she opened up, she never sounded loud, but she created somehow a tower of sound." Actually, about 100 members of her chorus have voices of professional solo caliber. But even they earn only about \$2,000 per year—the rest get nothing—and most of the singers have full-time jobs elsewhere, so it is up to Hillis to keep drilling them. She is just as demanding as Reiner or Solti, although a bit less overwhelming. Her worst insult: "You sound like a church choir."

Tricky Business. Rehearsing her chorus, Hillis is both morale builder and teacher. At one point in the *Ninth* she holds her palm out as if to ward off the sound: "Piano Piano. You know that young man will hold that note forever," she says, referring to James Levine, 33, music director of the Met, who is to conduct the full symphony. "I expect you to be as young as he is." A few measures later she is talking about one of the chorus' celebrated pianissimos: "Sopranos, listen to the tenors and just place the sparkling star gently above their sound. It should have a *misterioso* quality, just whisper. Shh, shh." Balancing a chorus of 170 is a tricky business, no less so when it turns to popular music. "This song has got to bounce, it's got to bubble!" she burst out last week during a rehearsal of *The Night They Invented Champagne*, from *Gigi*. "Why don't you smile! Your singing is rather heavy here. Just relax-a-ax."

Hillis, who has never married, says

that when she was young she never thought that "being a woman would make a difference in her career, because I'd always done everything I wanted." Her father Glen was a lawyer and businessman in Kokomo, Ind.; her mother Bernice, an amateur musician. The most illustrious member of the family was Bernice's father, Elwood Haynes, who designed one of the first successful automobiles and discovered stainless steel in 1911.

Margaret started piano lessons at age five, and by eight knew that she wanted to become a conductor. She set about mastering a wide variety of orchestral instruments; she tooted the baritone horn in her high school band and played the double bass in the orchestra at Indiana University. She was also a junior golf champion and a wartime civilian flying instructor for the Navy. When she graduated from college in 1947, one of her teachers warned her that orchestra conducting was a male preserve, and so she went to the Juilliard School to study choral conducting with Robert Shaw, now music director of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra. Shaw soon named her assistant conductor of his Collegiate Chorale. In 1952 Hillis made her professional conducting debut leading her own chorus. Jobs followed with New York City, Santa Fe and Nix opera, and the Cleveland Orchestra.

When Levine finished the concert at Ravinia, the biggest ovation was for Hillis' chorus, and Levine ushered her onstage. Said he later: "I adore that chorus." In Chicago they also adore the woman who built it.

JUST A WHISPER, SHH, SHH: MARGARET HILLIS DRILLS CHICAGO SYMPHONY CHORUS



Hollywood Desperado

In the dark hours before dawn, while his pregnant wife Crystal lies asleep, Warren Zevon struggles to compose a symphony in his backyard studio in North Hollywood. It is an ambitious undertaking for a man who by day is a successful rock songwriter. "When I was 13, I got an autograph from Igor Stravinsky," Zevon recalls. That inspired him to start teaching himself harmony and counterpoint and even to bring a few fledgling compositions to the master's home for his inspection. "When puberty hit, I turned to rock," Zevon goes on. "I could see that when the average attention span is three minutes, it would be hard to get people to spend an hour listening to my symphony."

Now that he is 29, his first record, titled simply *Warren Zevon* (Asylum), is getting some rave reviews. Asks *Rolling Stone*: "Who could have imagined a concept album about Los Angeles that is funny, enlightening, musical, at moments terrifying and above all *funny*?" Zevon's high-spirited blend of country



WARREN ZEVON AT WORK IN NIGHTCLUB
Selling is abrasive.

rock, bluegrass and churchy harmonies is marred by the fact that he has a raw, gritty voice and cannot sing very well. But neither can Bob Dylan or Randy Newman. Those who come to hear Zevon perform are not purists. They are beguiled by his lyrics, which typically are about Chicano hustlers, Sunset Strip women and hotel-bar bums. A quatrain from his ballad *Desperados Under the Eaves*: "And if California slides into the ocean / Like the mystics and statistics say it will / I predict this motel will be standing / Until I pay my bill."

Selling Catsup. The outlaw-desperado theme pervades L.A. rock. Even in a city with dozens of thriving clubs and recording studios, rock's musical desperados can be hard pressed to scratch out a living. The Chicago-born Zevon did a stint at a Los Angeles advertising agency, composing a jingle for Camaro cars as well as ditties for Boone's Farm Wines. "They wanted folksy, Gordon Lightfoot commercials," he remembers. "It was immensely profitable (up to \$3,000 per ad) but selling catsup and cheap wine is truly abrasive to the soul."

Though Zevon very much reflects the tone of youthful alienation heard in Los Angeles country rock, he protests at being labeled simply a Los Angeles songwriter. His next album, he says, will include songs about a sojourn in Europe last year. Then too there is his classical composition. "I'm not about to make a concept album of Hamlet playing the guitar," he says. "I just want to work on my symphony in the early mornings." He has been experimenting with atonality and describes his symphony as being in the tradition of Berg and Bartok. Perhaps, when it is finished, it will be about three minutes long.

Born. To Doris Kearns, 33, associate professor of government at Harvard and author of the bestselling *Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream*, and her husband Richard Goodwin, 44, a former speechwriter for J.F.K. and L.B.J., whose efforts to co-author an L.B.J. book with her resulted in a legal publishing tangle (*TIME*, June 30, 1975) (their first child (his second son), in Boston. Name: Michael Edward)

Married. Tammy Wynette, 34, heart-in-the-throat queen of country-and-western song; and Michael Tomlin, 31, a Nashville real estate executive. She for the fourth time, he for the first in Nashville, Tenn. Wynette postponed her honeymoon last week to appear at a reception for the diplomatic corps at the White House, where she sang several of her old hits, including *Stand By Your Man*.

Died. Christopher Ewart-Biggs, 54, twelve days after taking up his post as British Ambassador to Ireland, when a terrorist bomb exploded beneath his car near Dublin (see *THE WORLD*).

Died. Mikhail Menshikov, 73, congenital Soviet Ambassador to Washington from 1957 to 1962, in Moscow. Menshikov undertook to thaw out the cold war—at least on the diplomatic cocktail circuit—with his informal, urbane style. "Smiling Mike," the nickname his sociability earned him, helped arrange Nikita Khrushchev's visit to the U.S. in 1959 and the Vienna talks between President Kennedy and Khrushchev in 1961.

Died. Earle Combs, 77, Hall of Fame centerfielder from the great days of the New York Yankees (1924-35); after a long illness, in Richmond, Ky. Nicknamed "the Kentucky Colonel" because of his prematurely gray hair and gentlemanly ways, Combs was the lead-off hitter who got on base, thereby enabling Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig to run up their imposing RBI records. A broken collarbone in 1935 ended his playing career, but he came back to coach his replacement, a new kid from the San Francisco Seals. Joe DiMaggio.

Died. Sir Mortimer Wheeler, 85, pioneer archaeologist, author, lecturer, star of TV shows like *The Grandeur That Was Rome*, and, as the Manchester *Guardian* once sniffed, "Secretary to the British Academy when he's not on television"; in Leatherhead, England. Wheeler supervised excavations in the Indus Valley of India and Pakistan and over a wide area of Roman Britain. He believed in King Arthur, and in southwestern England his diggers unearthed bits of pottery and knives they thought came from Camelot.

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BOOKS

Worlds in Collision

THE SPACE-GODS REVEALED

by RONALD STORY

139 pages, Harper & Row, \$7.95.

THE SIRIUS MYSTERY

by ROBERT K.G. TEMPLE

290 pages, St. Martin's Press, \$10.95.

Astronomy is the oldest science, yet for most terrestrials the night sky remains a confusing game of join the dots. Faced with incomprehensible distances, intimidating mathematics and names like Triangulum Australe, the temptation is to do one's stargazing on the *Tonight* show. But the attraction to heavenly bodies persists. In an age when science and philosophy dress in basic black, colorful beliefs about the personal influence of the stars flourish—particularly in a specialized union of pseudo scholarship and science fiction that could be called fiction science. Like astrology or its medieval cousin alchemy, fiction science tries to explain the unknown through a system of symbolic beliefs—a kind of mythology purportedly based on scientific reason. Like religion, FS's principal aim is to explain the mysterious origin of life on earth. In that sense, the Arthur C. Clarke of *Childhood's End* and 2001 is a fiction scientist.

Mass UFOria. Bookstore browsers can testify that the FS imagination has been working overtime. Currently the best-read fiction science (more than 30 million paperback copies sold) is Erich von Däniken's *Chariots of the Gods?* and its sequels. Von Däniken, a former Swiss hotelman and convicted embezzler with no formal scientific training, professes the notion that the species *Homo sapiens* was created when astronauts from outer space descended to earth about 10,000 years ago and copulated with apes. It was a kind of one-night stand. According to the author, the satiated aliens soon left for new worlds, leaving the seeds of civilization—and the banana.

The Space-Gods Revealed by Ronald Story is a coherent and much-needed refutation of Von Däniken's theories. Robert K.G. Temple's *The Sirius Mys-*



tery argues with some sophistication the likelihood that superior beings from Sirius visited earth between 7,000 and 10,000 years ago. Both books are squarely in a modern fiction-science mode that had its recent renaissance during the early '50s when the country was overtaken by mass UFOria.

As nearly everyone recalls, while President Dwight David Eisenhower was putting on the White House lawn, reported flying-saucer sightings became almost as common as Studebakers. Dozens of books and articles were generated by the UFO phenomenon. A chosen few earthlings even claimed contact with extraterrestrials. Descriptions varied, from garden-variety little green men to simple aliens who resembled Italians dressed like Greyhound bus drivers. Reactions to UFOs usually depended on one's interests, angst and reflexes. While the jittery Air Force launched a top-secret investigation to prove whether or not the saucers were real, psychoanalyst Carl Jung groped for a different sort of explanation. Flying saucers, he speculated, were really psychic projections of mankind's hope for the existence of a higher power in a frightening and chaotic world.

Von Däniken and other writers like Gerhard R. Steinhäuser (*Jesus Christ Heir to the Astronauts*, Pocket Books,



TOP LEFT: PHOTO OF SIRIUS A, THE DOG STAR (SIRIUS B IS DOT BELOW AND TO THE RIGHT); LEFT: SUPPOSED DOGON VIEW OF THE SIRIUS SYSTEM; ABOVE: BABYLONIAN FISH DEITY

\$1.75) are avidly exploiting age-old yearnings. As the schlock merchants of fiction science, they peddle an old cosmological recipe: simply *ad astra*, mix feverishly and half bake. Naturally, their theories are highly vulnerable to anyone who, like Ronald Story, takes the time to examine them.

Story's attack on *Chariots of the Gods?*, etc., is a series of bull's-eyes scored at 3 ft. Von Däniken's notions make use of ancient artifacts that he feels are proof of an extraterrestrial influence in history: the massive Easter Island statues, for instance, and the mysterious lines extending for miles on the Peruvian coastal plain at Nazca that he argues were landing strips for celestial spaceships. Story easily demonstrates that Von Däniken's use of details and overstretching imaginings are on a par with those of children seeing camels and puppies in cloud formations.

Rocket Ships. Robert Temple's *The Sirius Mystery* is a bit harder to dispose of. Temple is a 30-year-old American who holds a B.A. in Oriental studies and Sanskrit from the University of Pennsylvania and is a fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society in England. where he now lives.

Like Immanuel Velikovsky in *Worlds in Collision*, Temple unleashes a torrent of arcane information. The

reader must keep his bearings in a swirl of genuine astronomical mysteries, anthropological dates and the tricky cross-currents of comparative mythology. The kernel of his thesis lies with the Dogon, an African tribe living in Mali. After studying their legends in the works of French anthropologists, Temple became convinced that the Dogon had precise knowledge of the star Sirius thousands of years before telescope technology revealed such information to astronomers.

The Sirius system is situated in the constellation Canis Major. Only 8.6 light-years from earth, it includes the brilliant Sirius A—the Dog Star—and Sirius B, invisible to the naked eye and first seen by telescope in 1862. Yet crude Dogon drawings have for centuries depicted what Temple concludes is an accurate rendering of the relative positions and movements of Sirius A and B. It is from B that he suspects superior beings came to earth, leaving behind evidence of their godlike existence that has filtered down to us through mythology and a few artifacts. Temple suggests, for example, that Dogon mask designs resembling rudimentary rocket ships may be renderings of Siriusian space vessels. What did these visitors look like? Inspired by ancient Assyrian, Babylonian and Egyptian illustrations of fish-tailed gods, Temple speculates that Siriusians were probably amphibious—"a kind of cross between a man and a dolphin."

Why Dogon religious rituals contain information that is uncannily similar to astronomers' findings about Sirius is a genuine mystery. Like other writers who have attempted to explain the unknown from a preconceived position, Temple produces a dizzying patchwork of evidence that tends to support his theory, while adroitly skipping materials that may cause complications. He does not mention the legends of the lost continent Atlantis, that must surely be germane to speculation about the origins of fish gods. Even allowing for primitive artistic stylization, it is troubling that fish-god portraits resemble carp far more than dolphins.

Long Odds. Such apparent inconsistencies are trivial when compared with the slipshod logic of one of Temple's major premises. He invokes the belief of such sympathetic star trackers as Astronomer Carl Sagan and Astrophysicist I.S. Shklovskii that intelligent life probably exists elsewhere in our galaxy. Out of billions of planets, so the argument goes, statistical probability dictates that there must be some that have evolved like earth. But Temple seems confused about probability. "The odds against life occurring fairly frequently within our galaxy are impossible ones," he writes. In fact, odds must be long, short or even—never impossible. The truly daring position—not often considered in fiction science—is that we earthlings are alone in the universe, and life's miracle is that we have beaten astronomical odds. **R.Z. Sheppard**



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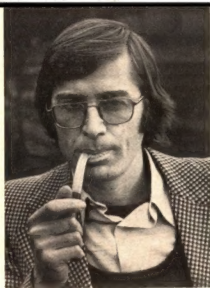
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NOVELIST PAUL THEROUX

Bangs and Whippers

THE FAMILY ARSENAL

by PAUL THEROUX

309 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$8.95.

By nature of their trade, terrorists are hard to get to know. Ordinarily, they keep a low profile. When they do call attention to themselves, it is usually too late for their victims to strike up a lasting acquaintance. Fiction, on the whole, is a better place than real life to meet mad bombers—safer and, as *The Family Arsenal* demonstrates, more fun.

Not that Paul Theroux's seventh novel is a joyride, but it is old-fashioned entertainment in the mode perfected by Graham Greene. Theroux sets an odd quartet to housekeeping in seedy south London. They are not blood relatives; they hope to be related by the blood of others. Pa is Valentine Hood, a former U.S. State Department employee cashiered for punching an official of the South Vietnamese government. Filled with hatred, he stays high on opium and waits for a call to action from the provisional wing of the I.R.A. Mum is Mayo, who has ties to the Provos, a callow sense of *Realpolitik* and a Flemish masterpiece that she stole from a London museum. The kiddies are Murf, an idiot savant at wiring up explosives, and his girl friend Brodie, a pert little simpleton who totes bombs to their destinations.

Aristocratic Lesbian. Theroux manages to make this simulacrum of a nuclear family both chilling and pathetic. Hood clandestinely murders a neighborhood hoodlum, then takes on the support of the victim's unwitting wife and child. He feels responsible for his own "family" as well and finds himself playing a stern Victorian father when Brodie is seduced by an aristocratic lesbian. Meanwhile, the threatened I.R.A. London offensive remains stalled, and a host of coconspirators barges into the

BOOKS

complicated story. On this surface, *The Family Arsenal* glitters. American-born, Theroux has nonetheless acquired an ear for varieties of British speech. His book is crammed with comic dialogue and Pinteresque moments of tongue-tied malevolence. Descriptive passages are often telling and wise: "He had always hated public houses; they were dirty and uncongenial, the haunts of resignation, attracting men whose loneliness was not improved by their meeting one another."

Beneath all this, though, the novel wanders in search of a missing profundity. Outside of their mock family ties, the characters have neither significant pasts nor coherent motives. The ranks of terrorists may indeed be filled with such hollow, existential punks, but a novelist can hardly let it go at that. Theroux himself cannot seem to decide whether their emptiness is contemptible or pitiable. And since they contemplate violence as an end rather than a means, they lack the framework of a political cause that might define them.

The success of *The Great Railway Bazaar* (1975), Theroux's engaging travelogue by train, should create a wider audience for this novel than the author has enjoyed in the past. He deserves it. At 35, Theroux is that rarest of beasts, a young writer who is getting better with each book.

Paul Gray

Kirillov's Complaint

LYING, DESPAIR, JEALOUSY, ENVY, SEX, SUICIDE, DRUGS, AND THE GOOD LIFE

by LESLIE H. FARBER

232 pages. Basic Books. \$10.

That quintessential 19th century optimist W.E. Henley—who can ever forget or forgive him?—wrote the unflappable lines that still seem to embody a motto on his age: "I am the master of my fate; I am the captain of my soul." The world, it appeared in those innocent times, belonged to the romantic individualist with a whim of iron. Even pessimists like Schopenhauer and Nietzsche celebrated the indomitable will. Not to mention Horatio Alger Jr.

Then along came Freud. The concept of "will" went out as the concept of "libido" came in. Where does this switch leave the poor 20th century chap with 19th century memories who cannot decide whether he is stoutly at the helm—or down in the brig, manacled to a rusty old neurosis?

Pretty well lost at sea, according to the analysis of New York Psychiatrist Leslie Farber. In this collection of essays, Farber dubs our times the age of the disordered will and he proceeds to draw a wickedly accurate and amusing portrait of contemporary Everyman, caught between his twin illusions of total potency and abject impotence.

Take sex, for one of Farber's examples. Nobody has more effectively satirized the solemn absurdity of the

Masters and Johnson laboratory ("I'm Sorry, Dear") or more wittily staged the gauche bedroom farce of the puritan turned hedonist ("My Wife, the Naked Movie Star"). But Farber is not content to do one more clever number on middle-class, middle-aged America sweating and puffing toward its utopian orgasm. What sets him apart is an uncynical pity for the angelic apes squirming at the chain's end of lust, even as they proclaim their liberation. Patiently, with a certain relentless compassion, he demonstrates that one can will to eat but not to be hungry, to lust but not to love.

Demonic Notion. The wrongheaded assumption that no possibility lies beyond the conscious will is, Farber convincingly suggests, the central and tragic mistake of the American Dream. People who actively pursue happiness practically doom themselves to lying, despair, jealousy, envy and the rest of the punishments on Farber's marquee.

The drug addict, Farber proposes, may be the prototype for all willful Americans hooked on the "demonic notion" that by chemistry or stubbornness, one can have what one wants, right now. As for suicide, Farber refers the reader to Dostoyevsky. "I will assert my will," says Kirillov in *The Possessed*—just before he commits suicide.

What is the cure for Kirillov's disease? Perhaps to accept that there is no cure. Beware, says Farber, of the sort of "truth" that promises that "once you find it, you can have it wrapped to go." These essays are profoundly reflective circlings, full of doubt and sanity. The question is whether, in a marketplace full of the apocalyptic saviors he warns against, Farber's quiet voice will get the hearing he deserves. *Melvin Maddocks*

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Trinity, Ursula (1 last week)
- 2—The Deep, Benchley (2)
- 3—The Lonely Lady, Robbins (3)
- 4—1876, Vidal (4)
- 5—Dolores, Susann (7)
- 6—Crowned Heads, Tryon (6)
- 7—A Stranger in the Mirror, Sheldon (5)
- 8—The West End Horror, Meyer (9)
- 9—The Blue Hammer, Macdonald (10)
- 10—Agent in Place, MacInnes (8)

NONFICTION

- 1—The Final Days, Woodward & Bernstein (1)
- 2—Passages, Sheehy (2)
- 3—A Man Called Intrepid, Stevenson (5)
- 4—A Year of Beauty & Health, Beverly & Vidal Sassoon (6)
- 5—World of Our Fathers, Howe (3)
- 6—Scoundrel Time, Hellman (4)
- 7—The Rockefeller, Collier & Horowitz (7)
- 8—Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream, Keatts (9)
- 9—The Russians, Smith (8)
- 10—Sinaloa, Wilson

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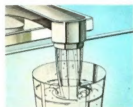
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The Reason is Activated Charcoal

The U.S. Environmental Protection Agency recently reported that granular activated carbon (charcoal) is the best available method for filtering water.

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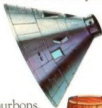
Charcoal made the gas mask possible in World War I.

Charcoal is used today for masks that are required equipment in many industries.

Charcoal helps freshen air in submarines and spacecraft.

Charcoal is used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons.

Charcoal also plays a key role in auto pollution control devices.



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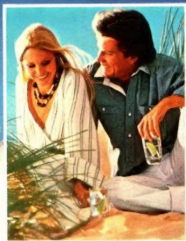
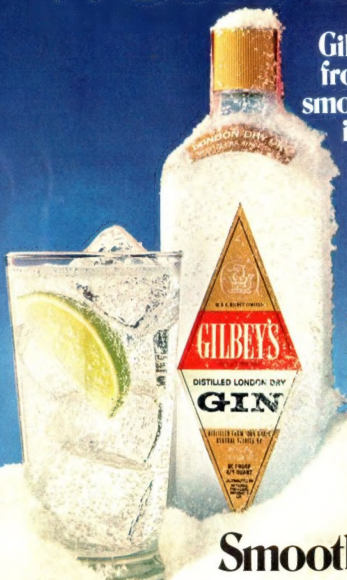
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